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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY we commence

A New Serial Story,

ENTITLED

TRUMPS.

BY

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

AUGUSTUS HOPPIN.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HON. D. E. SICKLES.

HON. D. E. SICKLES was born in the city of New York in the month of October, 1821. His ancestors were of the old Knickerbocker stock, having emigrated from Holland to New Amsterdam, or Long Island, when that province was under the jurisdiction of the Dutch nation. In his childhood he was remarkable for a determined resistance to corporal punishment; always open to the force of reasoning or persuasion, the moment the rod was raised (no uncommon thing in those days) he became a rebel. This was instanced by his conduct in school at Glen's Falls, where he had been placed by his father. The preceptor having exerted his authority pretty severely, Sickles, with that self-reliance which has been a marked characteristic of his whole career, quietly left the school, and entered the office of the Glen's Falls *Messenger*, in order to learn the art and mystery of printing. Here he remained a year and a half, and obtained considerable proficiency in his trade. While in this office, the son of a wealthy man, but disdaining home luxuries in the pursuit of an almost fanatical worship of independence, he was visited by his parents, and in their company was a gentleman who probably has exerted more influence in moulding his character than any other human being. This was Da Ponte the younger, who, being on a tour through that portion of the State of New York, was delighted to find in Sickles a lad who, with the local knowledge and daring of the frontiersman, blended the instincts and deportment of good breeding.

At about this period the elder Mr. Sickles met with great reverses of fortune, so that the printing acquirements obtained by his son under an impulse of boyish rebellion and an excessive idea of independence became of real value to the family, for he was able to earn good wages by "working at the case," in the office of Mr. Turney, of Fulton Street, New York. It is the unanimous verdict of his fellow "jours" (the public will pardon and printers will understand the slang of the craft) that at this time he "set" a goodly number of types per diem, and always had a clean proof; a fact of little value except as illustrative of the thoroughness and neatness which has always distinguished him, and which, down to this hour, prompts him in a dungeon, charged with a capital crime, to make his toilet, morning and night, with scrupulous exactness. After a time the family prospects began to brighten, and Mr. Sickles (the father of Hon. D. E. Sickles) engaged in transactions in real estate. Just then, in 1835–'36, property in New York took a sudden start, and values ran up with an amazing rapidity; so that, after two great reverses, the elder Mr. Sickles found himself the possessor of so much property that he was justified in opening an office in Wall Street for the transaction of his business. In this office Daniel spent two years.

The success of Mr. Sickles's father soon enabled him to retire from business; having twice "marched up the hill" of fortune, and twice "marched down again," he prudently resolved that thenceforward his means should be invested in real estate. Purchasing a beautiful place a few miles from the city, at Livingston, New Jersey, he spent, as town-bred farmers usually do, large sums upon its improvement and ornamentation. Here the father strove to direct Daniel's attention entirely to scientific and practical agriculture; but the adventurous spirit of youth chafed under the constraint of a rural life, which only middle and old age can properly appreciate. Thirsting for knowledge, burning with a desire to distinguish himself, and, to this end, willing to undergo the ordeal of scholastic preparation, the boy begged, coaxed, and demanded to be sent to the city for education. Yielding to the paternal authority he remained on the farm at Livingston one year; but at the end of that period, finding that there was an apparently irreconcilable difference of opinion between his father and himself, and that the former, in the exercise of his parental authority, manifested a resolution which amounted to sternness, he tied up a change of linen in a handkerchief, and, on a calm morning before daybreak, walked out of his father's house with a few shillings in his pocket, and turned his steps toward Philadelphia. He walked to Princeton, a distance of thirty or forty miles, and here found, what a great many others have experienced, that the best fortune for a young man is a proficiency in some trade; illustrating so the old Jewish maxim, "He who does not teach his son a trade teaches him to steal." Entering the village of Princeton hungry and dusty with his travel, he sought the office of the one newspaper then published there, and besought "Father Horner" for employment. This good man, although he really needed no help, allowed Sickles to go to work, with the hope that his expressed wish to enter Princeton College might be gratified. A day or two after he commenced his labor some tickets were sent to the office to admit "the press" to the approaching Commencement exercises; to the great joy of his new journeyman, Mr. Horner presented him with one of these; and on the night "big with the fate of Cæsar and of" the Freshmen, Daniel found himself for the first time an auditor in classic halls; but not being quite recovered from his fatiguing journey, after his intellect had been fed for an hour or two, he fell asleep, and, to his utter dismay, was at last awakened by the janitor, who politely informed him that the show was over, and, except himself, the auditory had retired—an example which would probably conduce to his comfort if followed before morning.

While in Princeton he made several attempts to enter college, but found his means were insufficient, and gradually became disheartened and desperate. Just then came news—great news. First there came to Princeton a rippling murmur, in general terms, of trouble on the Northern frontier; and at last the tempest burst in all its fury. The Canadians had sent the *Caroline* over the Falls of Niagara wrapped in a shroud of flame. Young America was aroused, and Sickles determined to abandon the mighty "composing stick" for the more glittering but less potent weapon of the warrior.

Fortunately, the more matured counsel of Mr. Horner prevailed over the filibustering instincts of youth, and instead of rushing to Navy Island, Daniel, having paid his bills and finding himself master of a whole dollar, once more took up his staff and started afoot for Philadelphia. Arriving at Bristol at night, he found his fortune had been reduced to twenty-five cents; with commendable frankness he went to the tavern and told the landlord the exact condition of his exchequer. Notwithstanding his want of funds, he was kept all night and kindly cared for, and leaving next morning, he approached Philadelphia, as Franklin did, with a loaf of bread under his arm and sixpence in his pocket. Just before reaching the city he stopped at a farm-house, and, heated and dusty, requested a glass of water; he was greeted by a beautiful girl who, instead of cold water, begged him to accept a bowl of milk. He entered the city of Philadelphia late in the evening. To a young adventurer there is no experience so utterly heart-breaking as the sensation of loneliness in a vast city; but Sickles's will was fresh and vigorous, and instead of skulking under shambles or retiring to the hospitality of some friendly hay-mow, he walked boldly to the door of one of the most fashionable boarding-houses situated near the Exchange, and all travel-stained and baggageless as he was, with a princely air demanded boarding. With great propriety, judging from appearances, the landlady at once rejected his petition; but looking carefully in his face and weighing his tones, she seemed to understand that it was no vagabond who sought her hospitality, and with maternal considerateness, said,

"Yes, you shall stay with me."

He was accordingly shown into an attic-room, which he occupied for some time, until his address and appearance had so impressed one of the boarders that he insisted upon sharing his elegant suit of rooms with Sickles. The next morning he obtained work in the office of Burton's *Magazine*, then publishing in Philadelphia under the editorial control of W. E. Burton, Esq., since famous as a comedian. As might have been expected, he was soon recognized by a friend of his father, from whom he shortly received a remittance and the assurance that if, for his mother's sake, he would return, all should be forgotten, and his wishes with regard to education and a liberal profession should be gratified. Returning to his parents, he was, by his own urgent request, placed in the Da Ponte family, to be prepared for college.

The Da Pontès lived in Spring Street, New York, and, for many reasons, were people of such remarkable characteristics as to deserve a separate article. The elder Da Pontè was a man of rare poetic genius, magnificent presence, courtly manners, and great classical attainments. He had been poet laureate at the court of the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria, and the day before his death, at ninety years of age, wrote a beautiful ode, entitled *Parti de la Vita* (Farewell to Life). The son was also a person of great attainments, as is evident from the following incident: For some cause or other a decided difference of opinion sprung up between the Faculty and the Council of the University of New York, in which Da Pontè, Jun., filled the chair of Belles Lettres; on the eve of the annual examination all the professors except Da Pontè resigned, intending to coerce the Council into acceding to their terms. In great trembling, six days before Commencement, Chancellor Mathews went to consult the only remaining professor. The latter, to his great surprise, after a brief conversation enumerating the various branches of study pursued in the University, turned to Sickles and said, "Dan, I can examine all the classes with your help." For six days and nights Da Pontè recited to Sickles, and, on the following Monday, the Faculty having requested the former to name the chair he would fill, instituted, for the first time in America, the chair of Philosophy of History, filled in Europe by Arnold, Niebuhr, Guizot, Heeren, and Michelet. To Sickles the result was equally gratifying, for, as a mark of consideration for his services, he was invited to a gratuitous use of all the privileges of the University.

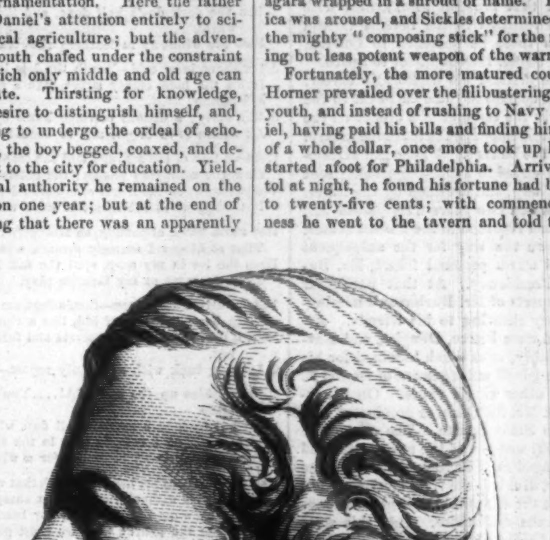
Before this, however, Professor Bagioli, having arrived in New York as Gran Maestro of the famous Montressor Opera Company, was a constant visitor at the home of the Da Pontès, and the elder Da Pontè had adopted the future Mrs. Bagioli, the mother of Mrs. Sickles. The elder Da Pontè, in dying, bestowed his benediction upon his pupil, and shortly after, just as a most brilliant career opened to him, the younger Da Pontè was snatched away by death, and Bagioli, having married the adopted daughter of Da Pontè, became the head of the household. At this period of our narrative the unfortunate Mrs. Sickles was a beautiful child of four years of age, and it is important, as explanatory of his intense devotion to her, that the reader should know that Mr. Sickles has known his wife from her infancy, and, in his marriage, consummated his first pure dream of boyhood.

His grief over the death of his friend and instructor was so great that Sickles could not bear to enter the recitation rooms of the University again, and, without graduating, he entered the law-office of B. F. Butler, who was the Attorney-General under Van Buren. His professional studies were aided by Kent, Butler, and Clerk, all eminent jurists. Then it was that he formed the political opinions to which he has ever since adhered. Butler was a leading Democrat, and indoctrinated his student with his enthusiastic devotion to the views of that party. In 1843, having passed a highly creditable examination, he was admitted to the bar; and in 1844 commenced his distinguished political career, by issuing, in the city of New York, a campaign paper, advocating the election of Polk and Dallas, containing only original articles from his own pen.

Prior to this he had distinguished himself at the bar, having elicited the marked commendation of Webster for the ability displayed in conducting the opposition of Woodworth and Wilson to the renewal of Emmons's Patent for Planing Machines—a case which was heard at Washington by a Board of Commissioners consisting of Ellsworth, Penrose, and Webster.

In the winter of 1847–'48 he was elected to the Legislature, and was busily occupied during two sessions in the important legislation growing out of the then recently revised Constitution.

At this period he won from the late Governor Marcy the declaration that, as a debater, he excelled any man of his years, just as, ten years later, Governor Raymond, who was President of the Senate during Sickles's career, bears testimony that, as a debater and parliamentary leader, he is unsurpassed. But he was compelled to engage in a severer contest than any political campaign.



THE HON. DANIEL E. SICKLES.—[FROM A MEDALLION.]

For four or five years previously to his first entrance into legislative life he had experienced the too common fate of young men of good family connections; prosperous in his profession, successful in politics, strong in mind and body, he had thrown aside the restraints of strict morality, and drunk to the dregs the cup of dissipation: in plain language, he led the life of a very fast young man. Now, it is said, he makes no effort to conceal this fact; far from attempting to justify it, he looks back now with sadness upon those wasted years, and can only appeal to his subsequent life as a palliation of his offense. Of that after-life it is sufficient to say that, while Sickles asserts his strict compliance with his domestic and social obligations since his marriage vow was uttered, the most searching investigation has failed to reveal any impropriety during his residence in Washington. Whatever may have been the faults of his youth, strengthened as those erroneous tendencies were by a temperament which instinctively repelled domination from without, and by the associations of a life which seems to have overleaped the ordinary probation of childhood when called into public life, the better side of his nature appeared, and manifested itself in the persistent, and finally victorious, attempt to replace pleasure by nobler ambitions.

His professional business now increased; his fine legal mind, forensic powers, and graceful and effective oratory gained for him large fees, and, what he prized more, the sincere regard of such eminent lawyers as David Graham, Butler, and Brady. So matters continued during the period comprised within the years 1848 and 1852, his time being about equally divided between law and politics. In 1848 he was a member of the Baltimore Convention, which nominated his warm personal friend, General Pierce, for the Presidency. He was also, for several years, on the General Committee of Tammany Hall, and in 1851 had acquired a political influence which caused him to be regarded as a leader in the Democratic party in the State. While on the Tammany General Committee he projected, and successfully carried out, a programme which resulted in placing the political power of Tammany Hall, and indeed of the city of New York, in the hands of himself and his friends. The movement was audacious in its boldness and brilliant in its success.

But Tammany Hall, like monarchical crowns, has the quality of creating uneasiness; and Sickles's participation in the events of those years—in which the strife of Hunkers and Barnburners was as much more bitter than the Guelph and Ghibelline feuds as modern artillery is superior to old-fashioned modes of warfare—would fill a whole volume of "daring adventures" and "hair-breadth escapes." For instance, in 1850, a great meeting was held in Tammany Hall to respond to the memorable 7th of March Speech of Webster. During the proceedings a mob rushed into the Hall, and thrusting Mr. Dillon, Mr. Brady, and other eminent associates out of the way, they seized Sickles and hurled him down the stairway: fortunately he had the presence of mind to grasp the banisters in his descent, and although he fell stunned and bleeding, he was not seriously injured. On another occasion, at about the same period, while he was addressing the General Committee, and urging the adoption of a policy which was afterward triumphantly indorsed at the polls, a violent and desperate crowd of people burst in the doors, and advanced with demonstrations of murderous violence toward Sickles. Manifesting neither surprise nor alarm he coolly resumed his seat, and quietly placing his hand in his bosom, *looked* in the eyes of his assailants. To this day there is a difference of opinion among his friends as to whether it was his eye or his hand which saved him from the threatened attack: the result is certain, the noises grew fainter and the mob was fairly cowed. When all was again orderly, without any reference to the event he resumed his appeal, which was not an effort to advance his own interests but to secure for his friends the position and control which Sickles felt they were entitled to. Indeed, through his whole life, he has been distinguished by the strength and devotion of his friendship, and the consequent intensity of his partisanship. He is, perhaps, loved more sincerely, and hated more heartily, than any man of the day. To serve his friends he will do any thing which is tolerated by the license of modern politics: when he resolves upon the overthrow of a political enemy the strongest man finds him formidable. And yet we are not sure that the present tense is applicable; for his recent calamities have evoked letters of condolence from his fiercest antagonists, and, we may hope, have had a softening influence upon his own character.

Hitherto we have said little of Teresa Bagioli, the future wife of Mr. Sickles, but it will be remembered that, when he was pursuing his studies in the family of the gifted Da Ponté, Teresa was a child of five or six years of age. Watched by her future husband from infancy, his love of her childhood was changed into what approached idolatry when she had reached the age of sixteen. Beautiful, brilliant, and highly educated, she mingled with the most guileless simplicity of manner a firmness which, without sacrifice of feminine grace, exempted her from many foibles that spring from weak nerves. Reflecting on future prospects, Sickles resolved to take a fresh moral start, and, strengthened by his love for Miss Bagioli, he kept his vow. In September, 1852, they were privately married, in the hope that time might remove the objections expressed by both the fathers, who, *not deprecating the match*, insisted upon delay. In March, 1853, the marriage ceremony received a religious sanction at the hands of Archbishop Hughes. Two months before, Mr. Sickles had been appointed to one of the most important and lucrative positions in the city of New York, that of Corporation Attorney.

Mr. Buchanan having been appointed embassador to London, he, in June of 1853, requested Sickles to accompany him as Secretary of Legation. The offer was a flattering one, but involved the relinquishment of his office, and the consequent loss of its large salary and emoluments. His mind, however, was instantly made up, and he closed with the offer to serve under so distinguished a politician and diplomatist in a position that would necessarily be a stepping-stone to a career in the higher walks of statesmanship. In one day he reached Washington, had an interview with President Pierce, during which he received his commission, and was on his way back to New York.

In Europe he was always accompanied by Mrs. Sickles; her beauty attracted the marked attention of the English, Dutch, and French courts; and during her whole residence in London she received the most flattering attentions from many persons whose names are historical, and was especially beloved by Lady Clarendon and Lady Palmerston. She divided with Miss Lane and Mrs. Colonel Lawrence the complimentary title of the "Three American Graces."

In the course of his diplomatic career Mr. Sickles sustained a near relation to one of the most important facts in American history. In the crisis of our affairs with Spain, precipitated by the *Black Warrior* affair, he was sent to the United States by our European Ministers to report to the President and his Cabinet the condition of affairs in Europe; and it was out of his statements, in reality, that the Ostend Manifesto finally arose. During his short stay in Washington he was domiciled in the White House, and attended to his business with such unremitting assiduity that in a week he prepared and presented a memoir, addressed to the President, "On the State of Europe; its bearing upon the Policy of the United States;" made many oral communications, furnished suggestions for instructions to our ministers, and returned in the same steamer that brought him, armed with dispatches which resulted in the famous Ostend Manifesto. With these he hastened to London, Paris, and to Mr. Soulé, then Minister to Spain.

Another episode marked his diplomatic career. Owing to what he conceived to be an insult to the American nation in the conduct of a dinner on the Fourth of July, he felt compelled to leave the table of George Peabody, the banker. A long and acrimonious controversy ended in a challenge being sent by Sickles to Peabody, and declined by the latter.

When the stipulated two years were passed Mr. Sickles resigned and returned to the United States, in order to prepare the way for the subsequent nomination of his warm personal friend, Mr. Buchanan, for the Presidency. At that particular juncture the prospects of Mr. Buchanan's nomination were not very cheering to his friends. Arrayed against him were Pierce, Douglas, and Marcy; and he, probably, is as much indebted for his nomination to the adroit management of Daniel E. Sickles as to any other single cause. On his return to New York Mr. Sickles was nominated as a candidate for the State Senate. The contest of that autumn (1855) was one of the most bitter and relentless ever waged even in New York city; the Democratic party, divided into rival factions, spent its strength, while the opposition gained confidence from the internecine difficulties. Into this state of things Sickles boldly plunged, and, making his election a test of the indorsement of Mr. Buchanan by the New York democracy, in the face of obstacles apparently insurmountable, he came out of the fray a victor, owing to his own indomitable energy and the great devotion of his friends.

His two years in the State Senate, associated with a minority of three others, was brilliant for the tactics and parliamentary skill which always harassed and often baffled the triumphant majority. His speech on the Trinity Church Bill so completely exhausted that *vexata questio* that the vestry of the church have printed innumerable thousands, and regard it as their Magna Charta to this day. While the gratitude and friendship of such men as Dr. Berrien, General Dix, and Bishop Potter, were very gratifying to him, his highest reward was in the knowledge that that elaborate and exhaustive argument was an answer to his mother's request to him to defend what she deemed the rights of the church of which she is a member.

He was now about to be transferred to the wider field of national politics, and, by a strange sort of fatality, when preparing to go to Washington, which was to prove so disastrous a residence, he purchased his beautiful country seat at Bloomingdale, on the bank of the Hudson, and on the Island of New York, which he has since assigned to Mr. Bagioli for his daughter's residence; a beautiful place, where many of the old forest trees remain.

Mr. Sickles was first elected to Congress in 1856, by a large majority, his term in the State Senate not having expired. In November, 1857, the Democratic party carried the city of New York by 16,000 majority. Immediately afterward Fernando Wood was nominated for mayor; he was opposed by Sickles, who took the side of the present mayor, Mr. Tiemann. The latter, as is known, was elected by a majority of three thousand. The campaign only lasted sixteen days, but compensated by its brilliancy for its brevity.

Last autumn he was re-elected, notwithstanding the opposition of a portion of the Democratic party, headed by Dickinson and Wood, acting more or less in concert with the Americans and Republicans. His re-election against such tremendous odds is mainly attributable to his own energy, and to the great devotion of a large circle of personal friends. Few elections have so completely confounded and defied all augury.

In his Congressional career he has taken a high rank; occupying a prominent position on the Committee of Foreign Affairs, he avoids the discussion of mere partisan questions, and bestows the whole force of his intellect, and the results of his extensive experience, upon matters of foreign policy. In all debates of that nature he takes a leading and influential part.

The recent events in his history have already been written in sufficiently sad minutiæ of detail; from the height of happiness a few short hours bring him down, down deeper than plummet ever sounded. Whatever he may have to charge against himself in the matter of youthful follies, a hundred proofs can be furnished of his perfect devotion and passionate attachment to his unfortunate wife. In Washington it would be difficult to find a man, especially in public life, more domestic in his tastes, more irreproachable in his habits, or more devoted to his family, than he has been during his residence at the capital.

MADAME LA MARQUISE.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

The folds of her wine-dark violet dress
Glow over the sofa, fall on fall,
As she sits in the air of her loveliness
With a smile for each and for all.

Half of her exquisite face in the shade
Which o'er it the screen in her soft hand flings:
Through the gloom glows her hair in its odorous braid:
In the fire-light are sparkling her rings.

As she leans—the slow smile half shut up in her eyes
Beams the sleepy, long, silk-soft lashes beneath;
Through her crimson lips, stirr'd by her faint replies,
Breaks one gleam of her pearl-white teeth.

As she leans—where your eye, by her beauty subdued
Droops—from under warm fringes of broidery white
The slightest of feet—silken-slipper'd, protrude,
For one moment, then slip out of sight.

As I bend o'er her bosom, to tell her the news,
The faint scent of her hair, the approach of her cheek,
The vague warmth of her breath, all my senses suffuse
With HERSELF: and I tremble to speak.

So she sits in the curtain'd, luxurious light
Of that room, with its porcelain, and pictures, and flowers,
When the dark day's half done, and the snow flutters white,
Past the windows in feathery showers.

All without is so cold—'neath the low leaden sky!
Down the bald, empty street, like a ghost, the gendarme
Stalks surly: a distant carriage hums by—
All within is so bright and so warm!

Here we talk of the schemes and the scandals of court,
How the courtezan pushes; the charlatan thrives:
We put horns on the heads of our friends, just for sport:
Put intrigues in the heads of their wives.

Her warm hand, at parting, so strangely thrilled mine,
That at dinner I scarcely remark what they say—
Drop the ice in my soup, spill the salt in my wine,
Then go yawn at my favorite play.

But she drives after noon—then's the time to behold her,
With her fair face half hid, like a ripe peeping rose,
'Neath that vail—o'er the velvets and furs which enfold her,
Leaning back with a queenly repose—

As she glides up the sunlight!....You'd say she was made
To loll back in a carriage, all day, with a smile:
And at dusk, on a sofa, to lean in the shade
Of soft lamps, and be woo'd for a while.

Could we find out her heart, through that velvet and lace!
Can it beat without ruffling that sumptuous dress?
She will show us her shoulder, her bosom, her face;
But what the heart's like, we must guess.

With live women and men to be found in the world—
(—Live with sorrow and sin, live with pain and with passion—)
Who could live with a doll, though its locks should be curl'd,
And its petticoats trimm'd in the fashion?

'Tis so fair!....would my bite, if I bit it, draw blood?
Will it cry if I hurt it? or scold if I kiss?
Is it made, with its beauty, of wax or of wood?
....Is it worth while to guess at all this?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 9, 1859.

THE EFFECT OF A EUROPEAN WAR ON THE UNITED STATES.

The intelligence from Europe points distinctly to a fresh European war as the only solution for the problem of European politics. We have so little interest in European questions that but few Americans give themselves the trouble to study and comprehend them. It may be said briefly that Italy has been for fifty years in an unnatural condition, her best provinces being trampled by foreigners—Austrians; and that the present Emperor of the French, who for seven or eight years has very prudently garrisoned Rome in the interest of order and good government, now demands that all foreigners, including Austrians, shall evacuate Italy, and leave the Italians to govern themselves as they best can. The Germans, who mostly sympathize with Austria, and the English, whose ruling principle is often prejudice against foreign nations, oppose Napoleon; but it is quite obvious that he will carry his point whatever it may cost. Italy can not forever remain a running sore in the European body. This is not a bad time to apply the cautery, and Napoleon is going to do so. The Germans will squirm, and the English may rave, but if Austria does not yield, Napoleon will use his cannon in a just cause, and will undoubtedly succeed.

It is an interesting question how the war will affect us. As customers of Europe and purveyors of breadstuffs, cotton, and provisions for the Europeans, a European war is, on the face of it, an undesirable accident for us. For war is a great consumer of money, labor, and materials. The money spent for soldiers' pay, guns, powder, shot, transportations, and other unproductive objects, would, in time of peace, be expended in commercial pursuits; and the United States, as the most important commercial correspondent of Europe, would benefit accordingly. Every event which tends to impoverish the great commercial countries of Europe, must naturally tend to the injury of all countries with which they trade.

This great principle laid down, it must not be denied that the Crimean war was a source of great profit to this country. What effect the withdrawal of a million of men from peaceable industry may have had on the agricultural product of Europe, we will not undertake to say; but it is certain that the crop of cereals in Europe was shorter during the war than it had usually been before that event. While the war lasted the demand for American breadstuffs and provisions was highly remunerative to Western producers; and owners of shipping—who constitute a large section of the people of the sea-board—reaped an equally satisfactory harvest. The demand for cotton goods was not materially reduced by the war, and the consequence was that the price of cotton continued to be governed by the same laws of supply and demand as prevail in time of peace. On the whole, the United States made money by the war. Whether it was the effect of the war, or simply a mere coincidence, this country never knew more prosperous years than those of the great Russian war.

It is yet too soon to speak positively with regard to the effect of an Italian war. Much, in this connection, will depend on the extent of the contest. If it be merely a fight between Austria and France, and if it be confined to the plains of Lombardy, it can not make much difference to the commerce of the world. Austria has no foreign commerce; the French would easily blockade her solitary sea-port. Some extra provisions and flour would probably be required by the troops; but the cotton trade could not be materially affected. If, on the other hand, Germany steps in to the succor of Austria—if Great Britain or Russia should deem it necessary to interfere, the war would assume a different aspect. A general European war, involving all the leading powers, would necessarily operate to the advantage of American shipping, American breadstuffs, and American pork and beef. Soldiers must be fed and transported. And if the maritime powers are involved, American ships and American food will be in essential demand on all sides. Our cotton would suffer in such a case. But after the profits of the past two years, the plantocracy can afford to lose something.

It is very consoling to know that, however the imbroglio ends, the United States can not suffer materially. If the European powers go to war, we shall feed and carry their soldiers from place to place. If they remain at peace, they will have the more money to buy our breadstuffs and our cotton. In any event, we shall derive advantage, and shall ourselves enjoy the blessings of peace.

THE RECOVERY OF THE WEST.

It is yet too soon to speak confidently with regard to the Western crop. Advices from Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Wisconsin report generally that the prospect is good. But until the end of April it will be too soon to boast of the future. What proportion of the winter wheat has been killed, and what the prospect is for the spring wheat, can not be determined till then. Our Weekly Farmer will contain the fullest and most accurate information on the point.

There never was a year when the Western crop was of so much consequence as it is at present. At least five hundred millions of dollars have been expended in the construction of Western railroads, whose future is directly dependent on the crop. It failed in 1857 and 1858. The consequence has been the prostration of all kinds of trade and enterprise in the West. Real estate in some sections has fallen so enormously that a property valued at $1500 has proved insufficient to satisfy a claim of $300. Merchants in a prosperous business have found themselves, with $10 of assets for every dollar of debt, obliged to suspend payment. The railroads have been fearfully depressed. Such roads as the Michigan Southern and Central, the Galena, and the Chicago and Rock Island have earned one-third less in 1858 than they did in 1856. These roads, being prudently and honestly managed, have been enabled to live through the hard times, and to pay their debts, but nothing more. Other roads, which it is unnecessary to name, have not only failed to pay profits to their owners, but have defaulted on their interest. Such has been the fruit of two short years' crops in the West, supervening upon an improvident, reckless, and corrupt railway administration.

We are now entering upon a new year. It is a great thing to feel that we enter upon it under new and sound auspices. Grain of all kinds is at a minimum price. Flour, which two years ago sold at $10 a barrel, is now in the market at $5. Land which in 1856 was worth $50 an acre, is now hard of sale at $20. Railroad stocks which used to command $80 @ $90 a share, are now dull at $40 @ $50.

And it must be remarked that all these articles are really worth more now than they were then. Land, for instance, is worth more from the fact that the area brought into the market is steadily diminishing. The inducements which formerly led speculators to locate new lands and offer them for sale have ceased to exist. For some time to come no new lands will be placed in the market. The crisis has improved agricultural methods. The grain and flour of 1859 will in all human probability be better of its kind than the product of any previous harvest. Cruel experience has compelled the farmers to bestow more care than usual on their fields. They have learned that it will not pay to produce an inferior article where care, labor, and science can secure a superior one. It is so with the railroads. The crisis set all the companies to work to curtail expenses. The consequence has been that roads which used to cost seventy-five per cent. of their gross receipts to work them are now successfully worked at fifty-five per cent. On the best ordered roads all the old leaks have been stopped. And a stop has been put to the construction of new roads. No one is tempted, after the experience of 1857, to invest money in the construction of new roads. The consequence of the revulsion is, in a word, the reorganization of the railway system, and a wholesome check to all the improvident and unsound schemes which contributed so largely to the crisis of 1857.

The main question of the recovery of the West still depends on the crop. But even should it prove a poor one, the West will still do better than might have been expected, so largely have its expenditures been curtailed, so thoroughly has speculation been checked, and so completely has the necessity of economy and retrenchment been forced on corporations and individuals.

THE VIRGINIANS.

OUR colaborer, the *Lounger*, has so ably replied to the cavils which have from time to time been raised in rural papers against statements made in Mr. Thackeray's new story "The Virginians," now appearing in *Harper's Magazine*, that it has been unnecessary for this journal to allude to the subject.

At the same time, there may be readers of the *Weekly* who are unaware that the finest novel in the English language is now appearing in the *Magazine*. Mr. Thackeray, whatever critics may say of him, is undoubtedly one of the most finished scholars and most admirable writers in the language. Comparisons between him and Mr. Dickens would be invidious. Both are so delightful that the idea of losing either is appalling. But it is due to truth to say that, in accurate appreciation of the habits and spirit of the last century, Mr. Thackeray is, so far as our reading goes, without a rival; while in the delineation of human feeling and human passion he is equal to the greatest masters of the art.

If Thackeray's "Virginians" had no other merit than the light the work sheds on the character of General Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec and of Louisbourg, it would deserve to be a standard work in every town and village library. But James Wolfe is only one of the eminent characters whom the great novelist depicts in a true, and hence a new light. General Braddock, Mr. Benjamin Franklin, Dr. Johnson, the soldiers, the statesmen, the wits of the age, are all depicted in "The Virginians" with a fidelity and a charm which have been hitherto unapproached. No one who has not read "The Virginians" can thoroughly appreciate the men who heralded the American Revolution.

The day will come when "The Virginians" will be an American standard work of reference. It is now appearing, at a cost which is really nominal, in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have received from a resident of Louisville, Kentucky (who of course gives his real name), a letter desiring us to print a vindication of the citizens of Hawesville from the charge of murdering the late Mr. Lowe. The vindication would occupy over a page of this journal, and we, therefore, can not find room for it. If the statements of fact contained in it are true, and they appear to be attested by the most respectable men in the place, the original judgments formed on the affair must be somewhat modified. The vindication states:

"The question naturally arises here, why it was that an unarmed citizen could, in such a community, be slain with apparent impunity. The reason of this is obvious to those acquainted with the character, life, and habits of the deceased in the community in which he lived, and a knowledge of these, it is believed, is important to be known to persons unacquainted with the facts to enable them to form a just and correct judgment, based upon those facts which preceded and accompanied his death. Since Mr. Lowe came to the county scarcely has a circuit court passed in the county in which his name did not stand on the docket for trial, under indictments found against him for shooting at some person, or for carrying upon his person concealed unlawful deadly weapons. The truth is, he was a *habitual violator of law* and a constant *disturber of the peace and quietude of the community.* His daily walk was in utter disregard of the laws of the land, and his repeated habitual acts of violence and frequent attempts to shed blood and take life in this community without cause or a sufficient provocation, made him an outlaw in the estimation of the community. He was a constant terror to peaceable and law-abiding citizens, not unfrequently endangering the lives of women and children who, perchance, happened to be upon the streets of Lewisport and Hawesville during his residence in these places."

The names of ten persons are given whom Lowe is said to have assaulted with deadly weapons; and it is added that so great was the terror inspired by this man that no constable could be found to arrest him, though "for many months ladies had been afraid to pass or to let their children pass along the streets, lest they might become the victims of a random shot" fired by him. "Parents feared to send their children to school from the same cause." "His violence and frequent use of guns and pistols .... destroyed, in a measure, the business and prosperity of Lewisport," where he at one time resided; and "the trade of Hawesville has suffered greatly from the same cause."

We give these statements in justice to the people of Hawesville, simply remarking that, if Lowe was the nuisance he is described to be, there ought to have been some more legitimate way of getting rid of him than by shooting him at night in his cell.

THE LOUNGER.

A POINT OF HONOR.

IN his recent letter to Mr. Thackeray Mr. Dickens, according to his own statement, gave his friend Mr. Yates some very bad advice. It seems that Mr. Yates had done Dickens a service of some kind, for which the novelist was deeply grateful; and upon the explosion of the Garrick Club difficulty Dickens took the part of Yates; but desiring, if possible, to accommodate the difference, wrote to Thackeray to know if nothing could be done, saying, if nothing could be done, that their letters had better be burned, undertaking, for his own part, to destroy Thackeray's reply, if Mr. Titmarsh would do him the same favor with his present communication.

It is a droll fact that nothing was done; and yet Mr. Dickens's letter is published.

But the particular point is this. Dickens says to Mr. Thackeray that, when Yates came to consult him, he said to that gentleman "that his article was not to be defended; but I confirmed him in his opinion that it was not reasonably possible for him to set right what was amiss, on the receipt of a letter couched in the very strong terms you had employed."

But why not? If A has done a wrong to B, at which B is naturally angry, and calls him roughly to account, why should C, being called in as next friend, declare that A's act was inexcusable, *but* because B was angry he need make no amends? Is it not perfectly clear that there can be no *setting-off* of an injury in an honest man's mind? A, if he be a gentleman, will, if C is correct in saying that the offense is inexcusable, say to B, "First of all, I have done you a wrong, for which I apologize." Then he may say, "You have used rough language to me, which you must explain." Thereupon B says, "I was angry at the wrong you did. Having explained that, I say also that I am sorry."

Here are two distinct difficulties which, by this method of treatment, settle, instead of confusing, each other.

Mr. Dickens was certainly wrong.

THE LOUNGER MAKES A BOW.

IT is many weeks since the Lounger has tried to find a place for his many correspondents who have been quietly hung upon the proof-reader's hook like sweet birds in cages. This week he has resolved to let them all sing together with the other birds of spring. So here goes.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—SUE BROWN, Allenton, tells us that lectures and lecturers have reached that town, and that she and her friends were especially delighted (as many a Lyceum has been this winter) with Dr. Holland's discourse upon "American Social Life." She says that she and her sister might "have been introduced to him after the lecture; but we were *considerate* girls, and did not like to swell the number of ladies who waited to 'shake hands' with the *delighted lecturer*. If Dr. Holland had been a bachelor— I've changed my mind; I won't finish that sentence."

She concludes her note by saying that the good sense of the lecture has already had an effect in the house of her father, where cheerfulness is no longer proscribed.

—IT seems that, after all, Thackeray was sound upon the maple-sugar question. OLD JEFFERSON writes indignantly:

"A 'Frontier Woman' says that 'Mr. Thackeray would have made no mistake at all had he written sirup, instead of sugar.' Mr. Thackeray was perfectly correct in his statement. The undersigned made, in the *autumn* of 1819, in the town of Rutland, Jefferson County, New York, from the sap of about one hundred maple-trees, nearly *two hundred pounds of good maple sugar.* The spring following these same trees were equally productive with others not 'tapped' in the fall."

—MEDICUS sends this little sketch of Dr. Garth, because, he says, he infers that a correspondent of the Lounger's intimates a doubt "whether one of the profession could originate such a thought" as

"To die is but to land upon some silent shore."

"Dr. Samuel Garth descended from a good family in Yorkshire, England, and obtained his degree of M.D. at Cambridge in 1692. He seems to have attained a high professional rank in the metropolis within a few years thereafter, and also among the *élite* in literature gained a high position by his talent and attainments.

"His first published poem was the 'Dispensary,' of which Dr. Johnson says: 'It was on the side of charity, against the intrigues of interest, and of regular learning; against licentious usurpation or medical authority; and was, therefore, favored by those who read and can judge of poetry.'

"Garth was a most esteemed member of the 'Kit-kat Club,' and was one of Pope's earliest friends, intimate alike with Addison, Warton, Congreve, Steele, and others.

"The Doctor died previous to the year 1719, when Pope writes thus to a friend: 'If ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth.'

"Whether this disagreement in dates (with your correspondent) will make it improbable that Garth wrote the line quoted, or not, I must leave to others to decide."

—PENSERO, Philadelphia, courteously differs from the Lounger's reply to his Boston correspondent's questions in the Letter-Box of February 12. Pensero thinks every question can be answered. The Lounger is not persuaded. It is true that the brain has been dissected, and that the absence or exaggeration of certain organs produces the phenomena called Idiocy; but the essence of the mind, of life, of the divine method, is entirely unknown. The functions of the body, and the proximate causes of disease and death may be scrutinized and classified, but what is the secret of life? To explain the operation of certain material organs is not to answer any question about the real difficulty. You do not tell what beauty is when you have described a sunset, or a rose, or the face of a lovely woman. It is the rosiness of the rose that we want explained; and that longing is the divine allurement that draws the mind on eternally.

—From some verses called "MAST-HEAD VIEWS," written upon passing St. Helena, and dropped in the Lounger's box, he finds these lines to Napoleon:

"Immortal Chief! on history's future page
Thy name shall stand the wonder of each age;
Thy vast achievements and thy virtues, too,
Have only lately had historian true."

By "historian true," the Lounger understood the poet to refer to Mr. Abbott. But his surmise became certainty upon encountering this couplet:

"E'en Walter Scott, immortal though his fame,
Sought British favor through Napoleon's shame;
But now the Hero's virtues brightly gleam,
And Abbott's *truths* his very faults redeem."

—FIFTH AVENUE asks:

"Can you tell me who that King was, who, for reasons of state policy, although a hale and hearty old fellow, for seven years played the invalid, confining himself constantly to bed? It is true, meantime, he drank great goblets of ale and devoured great rounds of beef, and occasionally by night stole out and rode on a furious beast, yet, notwithstanding that, he persisted in proclaiming himself a helpless, sick man."

FIFTH AVENUE confesses that her "ideas are misty." Does she not mean, then, the old Pope who feigned extreme illness and infirmity (Hildebrand, was it not?) in order that he might be elected, and the moment he was so, threw away his crutch and began to govern, a hale, hearty man? There is a fine picture of the scene in the Luxembourg in Paris.

—CONVIVIUM, Kingston, New Hampshire, wishes to know, for himself and friends, what are the mental and physical effects of opium, and also hasheesh. The answer is given at length and with picturesque power in De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium-Eater," and in Ludlow's "The Hasheesh-Eater." Let C. and his friends procure both those books—the former published by Ticknor & Fields, the latter by the Harpers—and they will be satisfied.

—BEAU DOLPHIN, Milton, North Carolina, desires some recipe for ennui, when all authors except Byron tire, and there is a general listlessness. The best thing to do is to throw Byron into the fire, walk four miles at high speed, and remember that a man has not time enough to vapor. But if the ennui is the result of coldness in the lady of his love, as he declares, can he not sing old George Withers at her?

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Pine because a woman's fair?
* * * *
If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be?"

—J. E. H. takes the Lounger severely to task for answering the question about the epigram attributed to *R. Bulwer Lytton*, as if he were ignorant of the great novelist's name, whom "I have been reading for 'ever so many' years, and admiring him the more I read." In regard to the epigram itself he says:

"I may be wrong, but the more I think of it the more I doubt their ascribed authorship to E. Bulwer Lytton. I do not pretend to be accurate, but by circumstances I am enabled to fix the time when I first read them as nearly, if not quite, twenty years ago, and they were then given as having been picked out of some publication of the *Spectator* era. True, this does not prove that Sir E. B. Lytton was not the author, but it certainly smacks of earlier times and an older head than twenty years ago, and a head aged twenty-two, or thereabouts."

The Lounger begs J. E. H. to wait a little, and he will hear all about that epigram.

—A Poet in Eastport, Maine, sings Cider. But the song is very shaky, as if he breathed through "the wretched straw" which may have served for tasting the cheery liquor. But the last stanza is the latest from Maine:

"We grow stronger, and wax wider,
As we quaff golden cider."

—ASMODEUS, New Orleans, desires to take this method of correcting the universal popular fallacy which makes the heart the seat of the passions and affections, by metaphorically speaking of "a good heart," "a bad heart," etc.

".... For it has long since been demonstrated that the human heart has less feeling, less nerves, and less nervous sensibility than any other organ, and, withal, is the *toughest* viscus in the whole range of human myology. And well for the perpetuity of the human race it is so; for there is not a man, or even a *woman*, now living that would not otherwise have *long ago died of a broken heart* in reality—sixty or seventy sound knocks against the ribs every minute, in one of its *tender, soft,* and '*melting moods*,' would dissolve its organization. But, as we have seen, the heart is made of sterner stuff, and endowed only with the purely mechanical function of giving impulse to the red blood circulation; which was wholly unknown to the ancients, and hence this powerful, mysterious, self-moving organ was regarded by them as the seat and source of all our affections and passions."

Our philosopher closes with a grave inquiry:

"Which of the two is the more detrimental to the progress of civilization and good morals—the duelist or the slanderer?"

—TALBOT sends the Lounger a translation of Heine's Lore-Lei:

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten." It is faithfully done, but it is not equal to the occasion. The best translation the Lounger has ever seen was made by C. P. Cranch, the painter, now in Rome. It is printed in Mr. Curtis's *Lotus-Eating*, and the Lounger quotes it here as a remarkably fine specimen of translation:

"I know not what it presages,
This heart with sadness fraught:
'Tis a tale of the olden ages
That will not from my thought.

"The air grows cool and darkles,
The Rhine flows calmly on,
The mountain summit sparkles
In the light of the setting sun.

"There sits in soft reclining
A maiden wondrous fair,
With golden raiment shining,
And combing her golden hair.

"With a comb of gold she combs it,
And combing, low singeth she,
A song of a strange, sweet sadness,
A wonderful melody.

"The sailor shudders as o'er him
The strain comes floating by,
He sees not the cliff before him,
He only looks on high.

"Ah! round him the dark waves flinging
Their arms, draw him slowly down!
And this with her wild sweet singing
The Lore Lei has done."

—E. T. S., Trenton, Grundy County, Missouri, if he will take the sincerest advice of the Lounger—which he solicits—will try no longer, however great his ambition; but will believe, instantly and forever, that his "efforts are" *not* "worthy of the types' impression."

—D. UNDERHEAD is informed that Prescott, the historian, was born in Salem, and not in Boston.

—SUBSCRIBER, Sparta, Georgia, writes:

"An American writer has remarked, in a sketch of the life of Julius Cæsar, that 'he could at the same time employ his ear to listen, his eye to read, his hand to write, and his mind to dictate.' If my memory serves me, this was attributed by Gibbon to the Emperor Julian, usually called the 'Apostate.' Was the remark true of both, or neither? If either, which?"

It was Julian, the apostate, of whom Gibbon says: "He possessed such flexibility of thought and such firmness of attention that he could employ his hand to write, his ear to listen, and his voice to dictate; and pursue at once three several trains of ideas without hesitation and without error."

—DESY desires "to contribute my might to your department." The judgment of the Lounger insists that might be declined.

"MR. LOUNGER,—As there are at least ten Pike counties in as many different States, in Uncle Sam's vast domain, can't you prevail upon 'Poore Jenkins' to add the name of the STATE to the county when he speaks of the 'Pike County' belles?

"A SENSITIVE RESIDENT OF ONE OF THE COUNTIES PIKE."

Poore Jenkins will govern himself accordingly.

—C. C. D., Detroit, Michigan, who finds that "the world is wearisome," and that she is "weary," revives a little when she speaks of her city:

"Indeed we are a splendid people, and a thriving place, with the usual complement of gossip and scandal in high life, and our 'Philharmonic Society,' with its able conductor and singer, and its several accomplished private *prima donnas*, the two particular stars—the one with her full, clear, rich-flowing voice and queenly presence; the other, small, gentle, spring-like in style," etc., etc., etc.

—PENSERO, Philadelphia, differs from the Lounger's view of the possibility of finally and satisfactorily answering any question about the mind, or the relation of soul and body. It is useless to carry on a discussion here. But Pensero will observe that, after all, he speaks only of phenomena, not of the essence. The Lounger thanks him cordially for his courtesy.

—A SUBSCRIBER, King George County, Virginia, sends a little letter of a little girl upon her little brother's death. But it would be of very little interest to the great public.

—E. P., Conneautville, Pennsylvania, has written a new song of the Bucket that hung in the Well—"the old oaken bucket, the moss-covered bucket" which the late Samuel Woodworth sang, and the popular heart echoes and repeats. The new song is intrusted to the Lounger's discretion. The public shall have one sip from it, and only one:

"Sad it is old objects to greet,
When by Time and Decay they seem to have fell:
Hard is it then to recognize what we meet—
Here is the bucket that once hung in the well."

It does not seem to the Lounger equal to Woodworth's.

WRECK OF THE "DROMAHAIR"—SEEING THE STEAMER.

THE WRECK OF THE "DROMAHAIR."

WE illustrate herewith one of the most terrible scenes of shipwreck ever recorded. The ship *Dromahair*, bound from Quebec to Greenock, and laden with timber, experienced a succession of heavy west and northwest gales until December 26; while lying-to in a tremendous gale was boarded by a sea which swept the decks of every thing—houses, bulwarks, rails, stancheons, wheel, with the man, and sprung a leak; kept pumps going, and got her free, but the gale continuing, she filled again, and became perfectly unmanageable, every sail set having been blown from the yards; was in this situation for twenty-one days, and subsisted for fourteen days on half a biscuit per day, and what water they could catch running down the masts; the other seven days they lived on small strips of salt pork only. During these twenty-one days three of the crew died from exhaustion and starvation, and two others died after being seen by Captain Caulkins, of the *Centurion*.

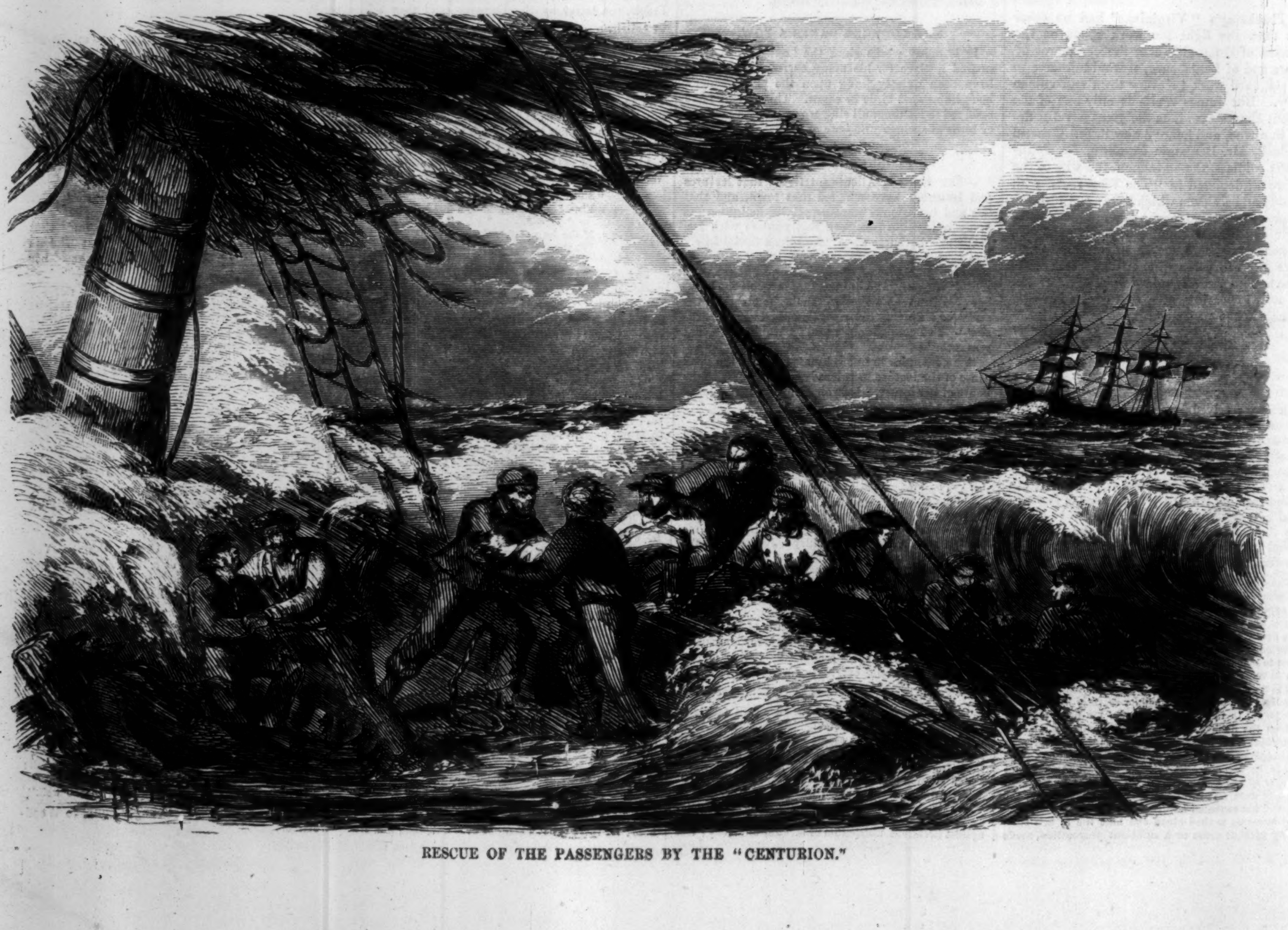
The mate of the *Dromahair*, Mr. John Elliott, has published an account of the shipwreck, from which we make the following extracts:

"About five o'clock on Sunday morning, the 19th of December, the little bark shipped a tremendous sea, which carried away the port, bulwarks, and stancheons, split the covering board, carried away the cook-house, tore the life-boat from the deck, where it had been lashed; carried away the companion and the steerage-wheel. Mr. George M'Intosh, the pilot at the wheel, was struck by the mountain billow—

"'Dashed from the helm, and plunged headlong in the main.'

"The little boat hanging at the starboard davits was also swept away, with a large portion of the standing and running rigging. Nearly all the sails were at this time blown from the yards. At the time the wave struck all the men were at the pumps. They jumped for their lives, and when the water cleared off they found themselves jammed into corners about the deck. One man was high up in the rigging. The waves swept as high as the maintop. The water ran into the cabin, stove the bulk-heads, and flowed into the bread-room, destroying nearly all the bread in it. They had only one barrel of bread left after this calamity; it happened to be stowed away in a spare locker. The cabin stairs were carried away, and every thing torn up that impeded the course of the maddened waves. Sea after sea swept over the laboring ship, the men seeking merely to cling to her, knowing that, as she was loaded with lumber, she could not go down. Whenever they could they worked at the pumps, trying to keep down the water as much as possible.

"All day Sunday the storm continued, but not quite so violently. About eight o'clock Sunday night the pumps were utterly disabled by a sea. Then the storm began to moderate, but the water gained on us.



RESCUE OF THE PASSENGERS BY THE "CENTURION."

DESTRUCTION OF ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, TROY, NEW YORK, BY A LANDSLIDE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"At one o'clock on Monday morning there were thirteen feet of water in the vessel. Seeing there was no hope but in the pump, we commenced to repair it, and as the wind had somewhat abated, we got it to work and the ship free from water by noon of Monday. We cleared away the wreck as much as possible, and tried to get some canvas on her to steady her. We made a tiller, and got her so we could work her pretty well; but at eight o'clock Monday night there arose a tremendous gale—a wind even more furious than we had heretofore had—dashing the sea over the ship fore and aft. The storm was so violent we could not remain at the pumps. The wind continued to blow all night fearfully.

"'The waves were mountains high and steep.'

"At six o'clock Tuesday morning the water was up over the cabin floor. We were all obliged to go into the cabin to save ourselves from being washed overboard, as the bulwarks had been torn away. But as sea after sea swept over us and filled the cabin, we were compelled to run from it and get into a small forecastle-house on deck, built in with the rise of the keep, about three feet above the deck.

"When the *Dromahair* was used as a passenger ship this house was used as a second cabin. When we were forced to leave the cabin we got thirty or forty pounds of bread, put it into a bag, and took it along with us to the little deck-house. We had no water, and no other food except some salt meat which we got afterward. The storm continued, and we remained in the house for a few days; then the bulk-heads of it were knocked down and the water got free access to it, passing through it at every lurch of the vessel. The bark was now completely water-logged, and would have sunk had she not been loaded with lumber. The storm struck us on the 18th of December, and we remained in this condition till the 9th of January. On the 22d or 23d of December a steamer passed within two or three miles of us; she was standing to the southward; appeared to be propelled by a screw. She could see us, but made no sign whatever to us. We lived on half a biscuit a day. A barrel of salt beef and a barrel of salt pork were under the hatches, and after the storm somewhat abated we could get at them by watching our chances between the seas. This was all the food we had. We had no water except what we caught when it rained: there were several little showers—one almost every day; we could just get a mouthful of water, not enough to at all satisfy our burning thirst. We got it by putting our mouths to the masts and licking off the water as it trickled down them. Our sufferings were most intense. The salt meat, eaten raw, created a fever and inflammation in the bowels, causing a burning thirst.

"About the 25th of December one of the men, John M'Innis, began to show symptoms of insanity. He had drank salt water, and its effects could be seen upon him. He died on the 31st of December, and was buried, or thrown overboard, on the 1st of January.

"Henry Frost had become deranged previous to the death of M'Innis, and on the 2d of January he jumped overboard, not knowing what he was doing; though in the sea he at first clung to the side of the ship; two men laid hold of his hands to haul him in, but he finally broke from them and was drowned.

"On Tuesday, the 3d of January, the boy, James M'Grail (aged about seventeen), was washed into the cabin and drowned there. The rest of us lived on as best we could. The biscuit gave out on the 3d of January, and after that we had nothing to eat but raw salt meat.

"On Saturday, the 8th of January, John Murray and Samuel Cochran died, after having been crazy for some time. We buried them on Sunday morning, the 9th, just before being taken off the wreck.

"To satisfy our thirst we tore up the deck to get at a cask of fresh water which had been left there, but great was our disappointment when, after two days' labor in getting to it, we found it with the bung out, and filled with salt water. We saw no vessel except the steamship before alluded to, and a craft of some kind that passed near us during a dark night—she could not see us; we only saw her lights—until Sunday, the 9th of January, about noon, the ship *Centurion*, Captain Caulkins, from Glasgow to New York, came alongside and picked us up. It was blowing hard, as it had been during all the time of our wreck, and a high sea was running. The mate of the *Centurion*, with a crew, came alongside in a boat, removed us into it, and carried us on board the ship. This was no easy task, as most of us were unable

LANDING OF THE NEAPOLITAN EXILES AT QUEENSTOWN, IRELAND.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

to stand, and had to be raised into the vessel while a heavy sea was running. Captain John Hutchison, the narrator (mate, John Elliott), and Hector M'Naughton were the only members of the crew who could stand when rescued by the *Centurion*. The other men saved were William Henderson, Hector Monroe, Dougald Campbell, and James Henderson; making seven saved and six lost."

DESTRUCTION OF ST. PETER'S COLLEGE BY A LANDSLIDE.

ALL who are familiar with the city of Troy know Mount Ida, the beautiful but treacherous hill lying to the westward of the town. Since the year 1845 the Trojans have been timid respecting these landslides—the one occurring in that year having left such terrible marks that, to this day, Troy is looked upon somewhat in the same light as the villages standing at the foot of Vesuvius. In the slide of 1845 a mass of the mountain, many thousand tons in weight, gave way with a most terrible crash. In a moment streets, houses, and human beings were covered. Men and women were overtaken flying. Many were smothered in their beds. The slide occurred early in the morning. The whole city was engaged exhuming the dead and rescuing the living. One woman was found dead in bed with two children in her arms. Another was bent over a stove, half consumed. A man had been sawing wood; the avalanche overtook him before he could drop the saw, which fell under him, and in his struggles the instrument cut him nearly in two. Many other equally terrible incidents were connected with it; and under the circumstances, it will create no astonishment that the old fear has been somewhat awakened by the late occurrence.

St. Peter's College was dedicated on September 19, 1858, by Bishop M'Cluskey, and was intended as one of the handsomest Catholic establishments in the country. Up to this time $25,000 have been expended on it. It was 200 feet in length, and would have been five stories in height. It is situated on a flat surface, about four acres in extent, lying within thirty feet of the slope of the hill, and was reached by a broad flight of steps.

The slide occurred on the morning of March 18, an immense mass of the hill moving gradually down until it reached the rear wall of the college; here, for a moment, it seemed to pause, but only to gain a new impetus by the accession of a larger avalanche. Through the walls it burst, with a noise that was heard for miles, carrying away the heavy walls and timber like so much paper. The college is a total wreck; so much so, that it has been officially announced that a transfer of the site is to take place to Mount St. Vincent, on the south bank of the Poestenkill Creek. It is a matter of some astonishment to those who are familiar with the terrible effects of these slides, how it ever happened that St. Peter's College was thus located. The hill is now in a very dangerous state; and many of the occupants of the houses in the western part of the city are removing to places of greater safety.

ARRIVAL OF THE NEAPOLITAN EXILES IN IRELAND.

WE gave, in our last number, an account of the arrival of the famous Neapolitan exiles, in Ireland. It will be remembered that in the ecstasy of their joy, many of them fell on their knees, on landing, and kissed the earth. We give, on the preceding page, an engraving of the touching scene, from a sketch by an eye-witness.

One of the most illustrious of those exiles, Duke Castromediano, has published a brief account of their sufferings, from which we make the following thrilling extracts:

"One beautiful day in February, 1852, the fifty mentioned above were collected from the prisons of Ischia, Procida, and Nisida, and suddenly taken in a steamer in hot haste, and having been confined for one night in the arsenal at Naples, with irons on their hands and feet, they were thrown with the same chains into the stifling dens of Monte Fusco. Among the fifty who are here at present were the illustrious Baron Carlo Poerio, the Hon. Guiseppe Pica, Vincenzo Dono Stephano Mollica, Cæsare Braico, Nicolo Schiavoni, Nicolo Palermo, and myself.

"Oh, how the memory of that spot where my groans were lavished fills me with terror, and yet haunts my dreams with unspeakable horror! It still poisons my joy, even in the first enjoyment of my liberty. It is not alone the dread of Monte Fusco, with its criminals, with its dripping walls, its dark cells, its broken windows, stanchly set with bars, through which, day and night, the freezing wind penetrated, that I abhor and detest, with its horrible isolation, separated from all human intercourse and affection. I there soon was deprived of health and arrived at premature old age, which grief brought upon me. We slept many nights at Monte Fusco, lying on the bare earth, our chains at our sides; we were dressed as malefactors, deprived of books and even materials to write to our friends.

"Monte Fusco was for ages the place where most fearful bandits of the kingdom were congregated, which they only left for the gibbet. The horror of these accursed walls so worked upon the spirit, and so filled with repugnance, and moved the sense of humanity of the country, that at length, some time before 1848, by a decree of the Provincial Council of the Principato Ultra, that fearful dungeon was suppressed. There we were deprived of every thing, even of the human voice, which no longer cheered our ears, for even the very sbirri were strictly ordered not to address a word to us, and any one of them who evinced a merciful disposition or kindness to us was visited with dreadful penalties. They were tried by martial law and were flogged. The reverend parish priest, Campi, in the solemn performance of the duties of his sacred calling, seeing some of us through the grating gave us his blessing, and instantly they seized him and sent him to a distant district, and to this hour he is watched and persecuted. A nightingale, as if on a mission from Nature, apparently feeling for our sorrows and solitude, used to come to the boughs of a mulberry-tree, and with his plaintive song he expressed our griefs, so that he became our friend, the friend of our very hearts; we used to throng to the prison bars to listen to and treasure his loving plaint. Ah, fond fool, he with his tender ditty awakened suspicions among the police that we had communication with the outer world—a blessing, indeed, which they trusted had ended for us. They shouted with their voices, and hurled sticks, but in the evenings the little nightingale came again and again with his song of solace to us, and his sympathy for patriotism brought his doom—he was shot! Whoever was taken to the hospital for medical relief was placed in a filthy bed, a chain which was riveted to his foot was bolted to the floor, which almost fixed the unfortunate patient in a continually unchanged position; death alone freed them from this almost unheard-of martyrdom. Mollica, one of my most distinguished companions, received a reprieve from this accursed enchainment, when he was attacked with typhus fever, but the benign concession of to-day was abridged on the morrow. Oh, crime and horror! Another dispatch said, 'If Mollica is dead, it is well; if not, replace the fetters.' The order was obeyed and enforced, even while my unhappy friend, with a priest at his side, was recommending his soul to God.

"After a time it was allowed to us to see our families, but under such conditions that we had reason to regret the concession, for they made it a violence and wrong to our affections. The time allowed for their visits was extremely short. The mode in which the interviews were ordered was this: there were two rooms opposite each other, and six paces apart, at the grating of which, and so separated, the father saw his son, the husband his wife. The soldiers, gens d'armes, turnkeys, and agents of the police were present at the touching scene, and listened to the words and sacred sighs of these bereaved families. They were hemmed in by these repulsive and savage men, who stopped their discourse at pleasure, and as they could not follow the familiar intercourse, they would command them to speak on common topics. A case not common in these places bears testimony to my words; the following is the scene: The mother of the young Stagliano came from the extreme of Calabria to visit her son. The hour established by rule for such interviews was almost passed, and they had time only to interchange a few words, when it was intimated to the unhappy mother that she should leave. She had not the heart to part from her child, but force was employed. The afflicted mother prayed that at least as amends for her bitter disappointment, she might be allowed to touch with her finger the hand of her child; and to pass it through the grating, she had bared her arm, and instantly the agents of the police cried out that it was treachery, and both mother and son were seized and dragged asunder from each other's longing gaze, although if her arm were extended there would still remain several feet of space before she could reach him. They adopted every expedient to sever the ties of blood.

"Hear the ignorance and infamy of our cruel Government. The decree of the 27th December condemned to exile 91 individuals, and why are we not all here? Pi ronti was broken down in strength, and his limbs so paralyzed that he can only walk with a crutch. The very persons who were placing him on board the *Stromboli* were so moved at his condition that, at their own peril, they carried him back to shore. Lamberti, for a long time, was confined to the hospital, and completely shattered in health. Romeo is over 80 years of age, and decrepit. Nisco is gone to Germany, and seven are confined in obscure prisons. Fourteen are dead, and among them some so far back as 1850. Thus, the *grazia* of the King, not satisfied with perpetuating injustice to the living, wreaks wrong upon the memory of the dead by including their names in this decree."

LITERARY.

MANY readers will recall with pleasure the Polynesian Researches of Rev. Mr. Ellis—a book of extraordinary and deserved popularity in former years. It is a great pleasure to welcome a new work from him, and his last is now before us. THREE VISITS TO MADAGASCAR, published by Harper & Brothers, is a fine octavo volume, with illustrations whose accuracy may be relied on, since they are from photographic pictures. Mr. Ellis and Mr. Cameron first visited Madagascar in 1853, on a friendly mission to ascertain the condition of the people and the views of the Government on the subject of intercourse with Christian nations. They proceeded by steamer to Mauritius, and, after a stay there of some weeks, passed over to Tamatave, on the island of Madagascar, in an old schooner with a rum-drinking captain and crew, and a gale of wind to make matters more uncomfortable. The reception which they met from the inhabitants was kind; but there was a decree of non-intercourse with Mauritius, on account of former wrongs, and the explorers were not allowed to go up to the capital, some days' journey in the interior. They returned to Mauritius, and an arrangement was effected by which the fifteen thousand dollars damages claimed by the Queen of Madagascar was paid by Mauritius merchants; the decree was withdrawn, and Mr. Ellis was enabled to visit the country and remain there for some time, becoming thoroughly acquainted with the people and their institutions. The work is not second even to Livingstone in novelty and interest. It opens a field of remarkable richness, and we imagine that Madagascar will be as great a subject of wonder hereafter as Japan. The magnitude of the island surprises those who have not considered it. Mr. Ellis says it equals all of Great Britain and Ireland! It is fruitful and luxuriant. The inhabitants are not savages, but are, in fact, far advanced in civilization, and, although uneducated, are intelligent, and not to be despised. The Queen is violently opposed to Christians, while the Prince Royal is a Christian. Portraits of the Prince and Princess, which Mr. Ellis took with photographic instruments, show us a fine-looking man in full uniform, and on his arm a dark but not disagreeable-looking lady. There is a princess, an adopted daughter of this one, whose face is not far from pretty, though strongly Malay in cast.

The volume will be found one of the most remarkable and attractive books of travel which this age of such books has produced.

THE WAYS AND MEANS OF PAYMENT, by Stephen Colwell, published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., is a learned and readable treatise on the use of money in commerce. We do not think the second title of the book, "A Full Analysis of the Credit System," is precisely descriptive of the work, which contains a critical history of the growth of that system, and of the aids to commercial transactions which have been invented in different periods and nations. It demands a more extensive notice than our limits permit, and we can but hint at its contents. Taking up the 13th chapter, we find a history of the Bank of Venice, founded in 1171, and its growth and changes from that time. Chapter 14 gives us the Bank of Genoa; Chapter 15, most attractive to American merchants, yet by no means most valuable, gives us the origin, rise, and progress of the Bank of England; and other chapters discuss the introduction of various forms of exchange and paper into the commerce of the world. The value of gold and silver, the changes in their value, their place in trade, and their relative position in commerce, form a considerable portion of the treatise; which is, on the whole, an important addition to the library of every merchant and political economist.

Jewett & Co., of Boston, send us THE LIFE OF JOHN H. W. HAWKINS, the great temperance reformer, compiled by his son.

From Thatcher & Hutchinson we have MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE, a volume of New York iniquity; and SYMBOLS OF THE CAPITAL, a volume of New York civilization.

TRESSILLIAN AND HIS FRIENDS is Dr. Shelton Mackenzie's new book, from Lippincott & Co. It is a collection of brilliant tales, readable any where and every where, many of which indicate the polished scholarship of their well-known author. In passing, let us beg Dr. Mackenzie not to think that there are two holy sepulchres shown at Jerusalem. It is but a trifling remark that he makes on one page about it; but we don't like to have a false impression given on a subject of so much religious historic interest.

Alice Carey's PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE, from Derby & Jackson, are delicate and judicious pictures. What else could they be?

Rudd & Carleton publish ERIC, OR LITTLE BY LITTLE, a tale of English school life; and SOUTHWOLD, a novel by a New York lady.

THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER, CASTLE DANGEROUS, and a Glossary. These form the last volumes of Ticknor & Fields's HOUSEHOLD WAVERLEY, now complete; and we congratulate the publishers and the public on the edition. We shall take an opportunity to refer to the entire edition more at length hereafter, contenting ourselves now with reminding readers of the abundant praise we have given it during the two years of its publication.

We have had lying on our table for some time a new volume from the press of James Challen & Sons, Philadelphia, PALESTINE, PAST AND PRESENT, by Rev. Henry S. Osborn. The volume is a wonder of typography, exquisitely gotten up and printed. The illustrations are good, and the appearance of the book attractive. Professor Osborn entered the Holy Land at Beirut, and this work is an outline of his journeying to and around Jerusalem. He does not profess to make discoveries, but gathers facts here and there, which his learning enabled him to use in illustrating Bible history, so that we welcome the result of his travels as a valuable contribution to our knowledge of modern and ancient Palestine. Every traveler who visits the sacred soil brings away some fact which tends to the confirmation of the Christian faith. Our author is, perhaps, more than usually successful in this respect. His work is not to be compared or contrasted with Dr. Thomson's LAND AND THE BOOK, for it is of a different class and kind. The one gives the result of a lifetime passed in comparing the land with the record of its ancient history; the other gives us the observations of the passing traveler, impressed at every step with the truth of the narrative which is his guide. The work abounds in evidences of the extensive familiarity of the author with Oriental literature and history. He writes freely, frankly, and without fear.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

GOLD FROM PIKE'S PEAK.

MR. WILLIAM S. WALSH, fresh from Denver City, has brought to Leavenworth $400 worth of gold dust, which he dug in twenty days with indifferent tools. Mr. Samuel Curtis, who left February 16, tells the editor of the Olmha *Republican* that a miner, with rockers, will make from five to eight dollars a day during the summer, and from eight to twenty dollars where water can be obtained from sluices. The best diggings are on Cherry Creek, Dry Creek, Platte River, and Vasques Fork. Shot gold has been found on San Vrain's Fork. The old Californians at the mines are satisfied with their prospects, and all feel confident that great discoveries will be made in the mountains.

A NATIVE AFRICAN IN SAVANNAH.

We read in the Savannah *News*: "Some of our citizens were rather taken aback on Saturday by the appearance in our streets of a *bona fide* live African, who occupied a seat in the buggy of his owner, Mr. C. A. L. Lamar, and seemed equally delighted with the ride and the attention which he attracted. Our citizens were prepared to see a savage creature, but little raised in intelligence above the brute, and without a solitary feeling of personal attachment or sense of duty. Judge, then, of their surprise when they saw in the person of this distinguished stranger a bright, intelligent-looking boy, somewhat abashed in the presence of so many people, but courteous and respectful, taking off his hat with true African politeness when replying to any thing said to him, and repeating many things with wonderful accuracy when bidden to do so. He seemed much attached to 'Mass' Charlie,' as he called his owner. He was introduced to many of our citizens, among others Mr. Collector Boston, to whom he pulled off his hat in a most accomplished manner."

SALE OF BARTON KEY'S EFFECTS.

The administrator's sale of the furniture and household effects of the late P. B. Key was commenced at Washington on Friday, M'Guire & Co. being the auctioneers. The *Star* says that at the hour a number of carriages were drawn up before the Key house on C street, and indoors a goodly assemblage, the ladies largely in the predominant, was gathered in the parlors or streaming up and down the staircases. Some disappointment was expressed by the ladies, in the fact that the house was much more plainly furnished than was anticipated, especially the lower rooms. The furniture of some of the upper rooms, however, made amends in its solid mahogany respectability.

Mr. Key's chamber, fronting on C street, was furnished with rather Spartan-like simplicity—a plain bed, medium-sized cheval glass, small mantle clock, etc., and the walls adorned with a single print—Fanny Ellsler.

In the chamber above this, a curious group were overhauling the contents of a small closet which held the military (captain's) equipments of the deceased—a pair of old-fashioned brass horse-pistols, a handsome sword, and on a lower shelf a hat-box, containing the well-remembered "Montgomery Guards" cap worn by him when in command of that company. In a recess by the closet stood a fine rifle, with barrel sights.

In the nursery, much attention was attracted to a beautiful miniature house, some five feet in height, and which, with its tiny green blinds, carpeted rooms, and curtained and glazed windows, must have been the marvel and delight of the children for whom it was procured.

COLLISION ON THE OHIO.

A collision occurred on the Ohio River on Sunday night, between the steamers *Nat Holmes* and *David Gibson*, by which a shocking loss of life was occasioned. The *Nat Holmes* was bound from Pittsburgh to St. Louis, with one hundred and fifty passengers, principally emigrants for Pike's Peak, and the *David Gibson* was bound from New Orleans to Cincinnati, with but few passengers. They came in collision opposite Aurora, Indiana, and both boats immediately sunk. At least fifteen or twenty persons are supposed to have lost their lives, and one account puts the number still higher.

NO MORE POLITICAL PREACHING IN CONNECTICUT.

A correspondent of the Hartford *Times* says a singular scene happened in the Baptist Church in Pleasant Valley, Connecticut, on Sunday, the 27th ult. A preacher, probably one of "the three thousand," from a neighboring town was occupying the pulpit. After announcing his text, he had not gone far when he said to the audience, "I have been instructed not to preach any thing of abolitionism or republicanism; but I must serve my Master, and I—" At this juncture one of the deacons rose and said, "Hold on! It's my impression you have said enough. Meeting is out." The audience rose simultaneously and went out. The minister sat down, and the deacon went to the pulpit and said to him, "If you want to preach politics I have no objection, and my house is at your service; but this church is not the proper place, and it can not be permitted. If you desire to give a political sermon or speech, you can do so at my house, or any other place, and I will warrant a good audience, and you shall have fair play and not be hurt. But you must not attempt it here." There was no more preaching in that church that afternoon.

A MEDIUM ENTRAPPED.

Miss Vincent, a trance medium, had been astonishing the people of Sandusky for some time with her oracular demonstrations, but her glory was recently nipped in the bud by the simultaneous production of several lights by the audience, revealing her with a horn to her mouth, in the act of delivering a communication. The following is from the official statement sworn to by those who witnessed the exposure:

"After sitting some time in the dark the horns commenced vibrating on the table, ascended the wall, went along the ceiling, came down and went round touching many in the circle; after which a sound, as if of a mighty rushing wind, came from the horn, with sundry hard knocks on the table, when a voice proceeding from the horn, purporting to be that of a person who died four thousand years ago, proceeded to instruct the circle, by blowing them up and telling them that some of their minds were far too groveling, and not angelic enough to be members of any circle, and requested them to ask for the information that he (the spirit of the horn) received from his teacher in the sphere that he was in. An agreement had been made by three members of the circle that, when a certain question was asked, the light should be struck while the answer was given. The question was, 'Was Jesus Christ a legitimate or an illegitimate child?' The horn answered, 'He was a legitimate chi—' when the light was struck, and *there stood the medium over the table, holding the horn to her mouth and finishing the sentence!* On being detected, she immediately dropped the horn on the table and fell back in her chair."

PERSONAL.

The Hon. Robert J. Walker has had Mr. Buchanan's letter to him when Governor of Kansas photographed, as a protection against accidents. It is full and emphatic on the question of submitting the Constitution to the people, and upon every other point which he subsequently abandoned.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says: "A formidable movement in favor of the Hon. James Guthrie for the Presidency is on foot, both in the North and in the South. It is asserted here that the Hunter and Slidell interest prefers Guthrie to Wise. The New Orleans *Delta*, the Mobile *Register*, and the Mississippi organ of Jefferson Davis, at Jackson, have indicated their preference in the same direction. The press of Kentucky is said to be a unit in his behalf, and feelers have been thrown out in some of the papers of Pennsylvania and New York. Of course Mr. Guthrie looks to the Charleston Convention for a nomination."

The Queen of Spain has created Professor Morse a Knight Commander of the Order of Isabella the Catholic; and the Swedish Royal Academy of Sciences has elected him a member.

Ex-Governor Robinson, of Kansas, was assaulted in the streets of Lawrence, Kansas Territory, a few days since, by Martin F. Conway, who hit the Governor on the head with a cudgel. The Governor writes a letter to the *Herald of Freedom*, in which he tells how he retorted: "I seized him as soon as I could overtake him, and was about applying a small dose of asphyxia to his wind apparatus, which is an excellent remedy for certain kinds of mania, when his brother interfered and released him; Mr. C. then, for the first time, spoke, and I found, to my surprise, that this free use of his cudgel was only intended as an answer to my letter."

We read in the *Tribune*: "In the eighty-sixth year of his age, in the sixty-fourth year of his practice, and while yet engaged in the adjudication of weighty causes, the film of blindness has suddenly settled down upon the sight of the great lawyer, Daniel Cady. The members of the Bar throughout the State will hear this intelligence with a profound regret. It is hoped that this loss of vision is but the temporary effect of a disturbance of vitality which will yield to treatment. If, however, time should pass and leave within the Bar a living statue of Justice with bandaged orbs, how impressive will be the figure from its own dignity and beauty, and the historical associations which surround it!"

Mrs. Governor Brown and family are making arrangements to leave Washington at as early a day as practicable, and they will return in the course of a few days to their home in Tennessee.

A man arrived at Pittsford, Illinois, a few days since, from Elwood, Kansas, his sole errand being to thrash his brother-in-law, who had maltreated his wife. Having finished the business to the satisfaction of all concerned, he returned home.

General Lane has issued an address to the people of Kansas, in which he gives an account of the killing of Jenkins. He declares that when he received notice of the coming of Jenkins into his inclosure he earnestly dissuaded him; that when the entrance was made he was fired at three times before he returned the fire; that when he did he only used shot; and he "appeals to Almighty God for the truth" of his statement, that he had no intention of killing Jenkins, but expected only to knock him down and disable him. He reiterates his determination of remaining in private life, and referring to the charges brought against him by his enemies, says: "So long as it affords those indulging in them either pleasure or profit let them howl until their very throats crack. My history is before the people of Kansas, and to their judgment will I cheerfully submit."

"Mrs. Cunningham, of Burdell notoriety," says the Greensburg *Herald* of the 16th ult., "was in Blairsville, Pennsylvania, a few days since. She was seeking to place her daughter in charge of the principal of the Female Seminary. Several gentlemen, who had seen her during the excitement in her case in New York, recognized her; she became aware of it, and soon decamped. She dresses well, travels in a fine equipage, and has a gentleman who accompanies her as agent."

The authorship of the celebrated sermons on "The Harp of a Thousand Strings" and "The Spirits of Just Men made Perfect" is ascribed to the Rev. Mr. Lewis, a Methodist minister stationed at La Grange, Tennessee.

Mr. Leutze, the artist, is about to take up his residence in Boston.

Professor Nichol has written a letter denying that George Combe was the author of the "Vestiges of Creation."

Her Majesty Queen Victoria has sent a gold snuff-box and a medal for Captain Hudson, of the *Niagara*, for his services in laying the Atlantic cable.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE REFORM BILL.

IN the House of Commons Mr. Roebuck suggested to Lord John Russell the expediency of altering his proposed amendment to the Reform Bill into a series of resolutions, as in the case of the India Bill last year. He feared that the adoption of the amendment would put off the question of reform for another year, and restore to office those whom the House last year drove out. Lord John Russell said that he hoped to satisfy the House that he was right in moving his resolution as an amendment. The Reform Bill was to come up for its second reading on the 21st ult.

The Reform measure continued to be actively canvassed in England. Earl Grey, one of the leaders in the Whig party, had written a letter strongly objecting to Lord John Russell's contemplated amendment. Some reports went so far as to say that Ministers contemplated a withdrawal of the bill, but it was not believed that they would do more than consent to some important modifications. Another Sunday demonstration had taken place in Hyde Park in opposition to the bill. The London *Herald* (Ministerial) says that it has high authority for stating that in case Lord John Russell should succeed in upsetting the Ministry, and be called upon to form another, he will give the Cabinet appointments to Messrs. Bright, Gibson, Ayston, Roebuck, and Horsman—all these gentlemen having tendered their services.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The London *Times* has an article on the present state of the Atlantic telegraph enterprise. It says that the leading submarine cable-makers are now willing to contract for the successful submergence of an Atlantic wire, taking all the risk of loss or damage upon themselves. In regard to the refusal of an unconditional guarantee, Government was incited to such a course by the fact of two other Companies having been organized, and each proposing to lay cables between Europe and America without any guarantee at all. One of these Companies, says the *Times*, is now actually preparing to carry out the object in view at its own risk and expense, without troubling the Government in any way. The pending offer of a conditional guarantee of eight per cent. is said to be connected with a proviso that the Atlantic Telegraph Company shall give up the monopoly granted to them for fifty years for landing cables in Newfoundland. This monopoly the Atlantic Company had, to a certain extent, consented to abandon. The other conditions imposed by Government are not definitely known, but they were still under consideration by the Company.

ARRIVAL OF THE NEAPOLITAN EXILES IN ENGLAND.

A British journal says: "The Neapolitan refugees were expected to arrive at Bristol on Wednesday, and great preparations were made to give them a hearty welcome. As the steamer *Nimrod*, from Cork, approached, flags inscribed with the word 'Welcome' were held aloft, and the cheers that burst forth as she neared the landing-place were deafening. But little disappointment seemed to be felt when it was announced that only one of the escaped exiles was on board. Signor Barassioli was cheered enthusiastically as he stepped on shore, and thousands pressed round him, trying to shake his hand and express to him the warmth of their welcome. The Signor does not understand one word of the English language, but the frequent bend of his head and his expressive smile showed how much he appreciated and enjoyed his reception. A carriage had been provided for him, but no sooner had he entered it than the horses were taken away and some fifty or sixty volunteers placed themselves between the poles, and, amidst shouts and the waving of handkerchiefs, drew the Signor through the principal streets (every one of which was crowded with spectators) to his hotel. Signor Barassioli then, in a few well-chosen words of Italian, expressed his gratification at the demonstration made that day by the people of Bristol in favor of the cause of liberty, rendered more grateful to himself by ten years' suffering under one of the greatest tyrants with which the world had ever been cursed. The Signor is a fine-looking man, about forty years of age, by profession an advocate, and had been for ten years in the dungeon from which he was lately released by the so-called mercy of Bomba."

SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE.

The *Tribune* correspondent writes: "The merry Duke of C., the Commander-in-chief of the army, the big fish which all the moral and charitable societies in the kingdom are always angling for on their annual festivals to place 'in the chair,' is again before us in his old character; and the pleasant hope that the subdued life he has led since the Crimean campaign would continue, and the growing belief that his royal highness had, indeed, sown all his wild oats, have proved as vain and illusory as the proverbial faith in princes.

"The blood of all the Georges could not be content with a scandalous connection of twenty-one years with whilom pretty Miss F——, by whom he has three grown children; but, like David of old, his royal eyes were bewitched by the charms of one of his people's wives; and in his hot haste, my right noble duke, forgetting the prudent policy of the great Psalmist in sending Uriah to the wars, has been taken *in flagrante delicto*; and the injured party cries, Your forty thousand pounds, or a jury! His Grace says it is not convenient for him just now to pay more than a fourth part of the demand, and as such matters here are even now as before the day when Erskine pleaded with a jury for damages for his client, the defendant on trial for seducing the plaintiff's wife (simply affairs of money), it is likely that friends will interfere, and the public at large will not be delectated with the racy particulars; for which, in this kingdom, I remark there is a peculiar relish. Let John Bright and his kind but keep quiet, and these too frequent scandalous exposés in high life will, in due time, accomplish the work of reform for them; and a Brutus, perhaps now living, will hurl the painted Tarquins from the places they so much dishonor! *Noblesse oblige.*"

DICKENS AT WAR WITH HIS SON.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "Dickens's squabbles are interminable. The *entente cordiale* between him and his publishers, Bradbury & Evans, has just come to an end, and with it a new leaf of 'Boz's' domestic troubles is turned to the public gaze. Scarcely cooled down over the scandal of the 'little arrangement' of separation from his wife, with his son he is again the subject of gossip. Dickens senior and Dickens junior have both been on terms intimate and affectionate with the Bradburys and the Evanses. For long years the senior Dickens has done all his publishing business with that firm, and, in course of time and association, the junior Dickens has gained upon the affections of the fair and blooming offspring of the junior member of that publishing firm. Charles the first has thought proper to dissolve his relationship with the great book establishment; Charles the second sees no relationship between the business affairs of the fathers and the love affairs of the children. The senior Dickens is at liberty to leave Bradbury, and the junior Dickens claims the same privilege of clinging to Evans. The son is betrothed to the young lady, purely and simply on his own account, and therefore disregards the paternal order forbidding intimate relations between the families. This might have ended here quietly, but the father has sought to annoy the son in seeking petty revenge. The young man was a candidate for membership at the Garrick Club on his father's introduction; but on this daring to love against orders, the father scored his name out of the candidate's book. This has brought the affair before the public. The committee of the Garrick Club, in spite of the father's proceeding, offered to elect him; he, however, has declined.

"Mr. Dickens, junior, is a *protégé* of Miss Burdett Coutts, and is at present in the house of Baring Brothers, prior to being launched on his own account.

LITERARY CHANGES.

"The trouble between the editor of *Household Words* and the publishers is said to spring from the latter not publishing in *Punch* the letter which Mr. Dickens addressed to the *Times* and other papers in reference to his discarded wife. Whether or no, the partnership of Mr. Dickens and Messrs. Bradbury & Evans terminates next May in the proprietorship of *Household Words*. At that time it will be offered for public sale. It is rumored that Mr. Thackeray will be its future editor. 'The Lounger' of the *Illustrated Times* says that Mr. George Augustus Sala (for whose many articles 'Boz' has obtained all the kudos and much of the profit) will not write for it again, but that it will be conducted by the *Punch* staff—Messrs. Shirley Brooks, Charles Dickens, Jun., Mark Lemon, Tom Taylor, Horace Mayhew, and the rest of the well-known and successful contributors to the *London Charivari*, whose articles he (the Lounger) never reads.

"Dickens is going to start a new publication to replace *Household Words*. After much difficulty and many consultations with Messrs. Forster, Willes, Wilkie Collins, and Albert A. Smith, his cronies, he has hit upon *All Round the Year*. One of the Smiths, it is said, suggested *Domestic Broils*, and somebody else *Household Rows*; but 'Charles' winced, and no more was said."

PHOTOGRAPHING THE MEN IN THE MOON.

The Photographic *News* says: "An article has appeared in a very serious foreign contemporary to the following effect: 'Suppose that a successful attempt were made to obtain a surface for the photographic picture perfectly free from irregularities capable of distorting the most imperceptible lines of a photograph. Suppose, also, that on this surface a photograph of the moon were taken with every precaution. If this picture were examined under a very powerful microscope, the most minute details would become visible; and if the instrument possessed sufficiently high magnifying power, you would be able to see living beings, if there are any residing in that luminary. This is one of the applications of photography to astronomy; and it has been said that an Italian *savant*, after trying for six years to obtain this result, has succeeded, and has recently been able to obtain pictures of the moon on which figures of naked animals are depicted, one species of which bore a great resemblance to human beings. . . . . . It is certain that important discoveries may be arrived at by this means, the great difficulty being to find a substance on which to take the picture, the surface of which shall be so perfectly even as to receive the luminous image without in the slightest degree distorting its most minute details."

A REVIVALIST IN GLASGOW.

The Glasgow *Bulletin* has the following: "For nearly a fortnight a man of the name of Brownlow North has been preaching daily or nightly to crowded and excited audiences in Paisley, sometimes throwing girls into hysterics, and intimating to others that they are going headlong to hell! Within the last few days he has commenced business as a sort of father confessor. At the close of his pulpit services he invites to private interviews those who are concerned as to the state of their souls; and, as might be expected in such circumstances, he is waited upon by crowds of ladies, who, one after another, lay bare their most secret thoughts to him. On Monday evening, the 14th, after a public service, he was waited upon and consulted by somewhere about forty ladies, all professedly concerned for their souls, and it was near two o'clock next morning ere he had confessed the whole and administered the requisite consolation. Such is the statement which has come to us from a friend of one of the number. Are such doings to be tolerated in a Protestant community?"

FRANCE.

THE SITUATION.

The *Moniteur* of the 15th publishes a fresh article, stating that part of Germany now presents an appearance both afflicting and astonishing. France has occupied herself with the consideration of the alarming state of affairs in Italy merely to allay it, in concert with the allies, and in the interest of European tranquillity. It is impossible to show a more sincere desire to unravel peacefully the existing difficulties, and to prevent further complications, which are always the result of want of foresight and decision. The article proceeds to show that the mistrust of a part of Germany springs from reflections unjust and painful to France, and shows contempt for the independence of her policy.

"The existence of a great nation like France is not restricted to her frontiers, but manifests itself in the world at large by salutary acts. France uses her endeavors for the benefit of her national power and the advantage of civilization. When a nation relinquishes this character she relinquishes her rank. To contest her right to this legislative influence would be to mistake the rights of France. The Emperor understood how to overcome all prejudices when he ascended the throne. What would have happened if, acting otherwise, he rejected with distrust the *savants* of the former dynasty; and if, instead of establishing the tranquillity of Europe on a firmer footing, he had shaken it by redeeming, at the price of European security and independence, the recollections of 1814 and 1815? Such, however, he has not done. The Emperor does not hold the whole of Germany responsible for the errors and malevolence of certain manifestations which spring up rather from mean resentment than from serious fears. Germany has nothing to anticipate from us for her independence; we sympathize with her nationality. By showing herself impartial she will show herself foresighted, and will do better service to the cause of peace. Prussia understood this line of policy when she united herself with England in order to promulgate wise counsels at Vienna, at a time when agitators were endeavoring to arouse angry passions and to form a coalition among the States of the German Confederation against us. The attitude of Prussia is certainly more advantageous to Germany than the excitement of those who, appealing to the malice and prejudice of 1813, expose themselves to the risk of irritating national feeling in France. The French people is susceptible in regard to its honor, but, at the same time, moderate in the employment of its strength. If threats will arouse it, it may, nevertheless, be pacified by conciliation."

THE EMPEROR AT PLOMBIERES.

A writer in *Household Words* says: "Is it treasonable to tell how the Emperor looks at Plombières, divested of external pomp? He is grizzled, cadaverous, and lame in the left hip, and labors to conceal that last defect. His walk is awkward; he turns out his toes, and leans heavily on the strong stick he carries in his well-gloved hand. He is carefully dressed; but though his coat fits him very accurately, he has nothing of the air of a perfectly dressed man. His figure is not improved by the cuirass which his coat will not conceal. Every step he takes is studied, while his eye scans every passer-by with a look which has something uncanny in its expression.

"The Emperor's bearing and appearance—must needs be personal again—have materially changed of late years. The expression of the eye is colder than ever, and the lid drops more heavily over it. The hair is thinning on the brow, and growing gray. The imperial is not so carefully trimmed. The hollow under the cheek-bone has deepened, the cheek itself being more ashy. One can not fancy a smile now on that elongated visage. All this we had ample opportunity of noting without any breach of outward courtesy. The Emperor passed us on his way into the little valley, and stood there for a considerable time, directing the gardeners, and sometimes marking the pathways himself with a long staff."

GENERAL WARD AND THE EMPEROR.

The *Express* correspondent writes: "General Ward, our newly-appointed Minister to China, was received in particular audience by the Emperor on Tuesday evening, having been presented, together with Mrs. Ward, Miss M'Intosh, and Mr. Ward, Secretary of Legation, by Judge Mason, United States Minister at this Court. General Ward expresses himself highly pleased with his interview. The Empress was not present, being confined to her apartments by a severe cold."

HOW BALL-GIVERS GET DANCERS IN PARIS.

"In order to remedy the paucity of dancers at Parisian evening réunions—a circumstance complained of in all ranks of society who have this winter given so-called balls—I must inform you that an inventive genius has started here a new sort of industry. He has established (in the Rue de la Jussienne) an institute of young dancers *to let*. Permit me to explain. The preoccupations of the times, the race for position, the Bourse, the thirst for wealth, and other similar causes, have created among young gentlemen, it appears, a distaste for quadrilles and waltzes, which has at last arrived at such a pass, that the fair sex find it extremely difficult to obtain partners. In order to prevent the ball oftentimes from being 'broke,' or at least the music from playing to an empty floor, our Parisian belles are obliged to dance with the school-boys especially invited by the lady of the house, who knows that, in case of absolute necessity, they may thus be rendered serviceable. The first question, therefore, propounded by a lady, when a gentleman acquaintance requests permission to present one of his friends, is, 'does he dance?' The saltatory qualifications of the unknown are of more importance than his name, fortune, position, and all the rest.

"In view of this deplorable state of things, a well-known dancing master (the inventive genius above mentioned) has hit upon his original idea of an institute, fully supplied with eligible dancers, ready at all times to be hired out on advantageous terms. The establishment of the Rue de la Jussienne, furnishes by the hour or by the night, young people of from twenty to twenty-eight years of age, well behaved, unexceptionably attired, bent upon nothing but dancing and eating. Most of those cavaliers are clerks in dry-goods shops about town, who, being accustomed to bend constantly over the counter and address persuasive observations to numerous féminine visitors, are destitute of that shyness and modesty so baneful to the ball-room. They know how to compliment ladies upon their dress, which is enough to win a reputation for amiability and wit. The institute clothes these young gentlemen elegantly, pays for their curling, their gloves, and their patent leathers, and thus prepared, they are launched, with empty stomachs, upon society. They only cost a Napoleon a head, and a dozen suffices to animate a large evening party.

"On Monday last, the proprietor of this truly beneficial institution hired out a hundred and thirty of its disciples to different soirées. Madame R——, of the Faubourg Saint Germain, who gave a ball that night, engaged thirty; twelve light haired, twelve dark haired, and six bald-headed ones. The latter cost forty francs each, being dearer on account of their rarity and the telling nature of their appearance. They are instructed to adopt an air of stiffness and solemnity, and pass very well for young judges or magistrates, full of future promise, who have become bald in consequence of too great a devotion to their books and a superabundance of the midnight oil."

BALMORALS IN PARIS.

The *Tribune* correspondent writes: "As most things are good or bad, tolerable or intolerable, in a comparative sense, so I speak out in defense of American crinoline. The ladies in Broadway are no circumstance in their circumferences to what one sees here, especially at parties and on court days. At the French Opera the other night there was no little merriment at the unsuccessful attempts of a pretty woman, expanded into such vast proportions that she could not get into the stalls and had to retire to a box! It would, perhaps, have been unkind for us to laugh outright, had she not enjoyed the predicament as well as the public. All the fine ladies wear Balmorals in the streets, with the skirts of their dresses held up twelve or sixteen inches; so that on a fine day one sees as many red petticoats in the parks as red-legged soldiers in Paris."

MARRIAGE OF THE HEROINE OF DJEDDAH.

The marriage of Mademoiselle Eveillard, daughter of the French Consul who was murdered at Djeddah, and of M. Emerat, was celebrated at the church of St. Clothilde, Paris, on the 12th ult. A large crowd assembled to witness the ceremony, and great interest was excited by the appearance of the bride and bridegroom. On the cheek of the former was clearly perceptible the scar of the severe wound which she received in defending her parents.

THE MASKED BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

The carnival masked ball at the Tuileries on the 7th was extremely gay. Dancing was kept up till six in the morning. The Emperor appeared in the costume of a field-officer of the time of Louis XV.; the Empress wore a court-dress of the same period, and was covered with diamonds and jewels. In the course of the evening two cars, bearing ladies in historical costumes, were drawn through the saloons. There were two suppers, one at two o'clock and the other at five. Each table was presided over by a member of the Imperial family. About six hundred people were invited to this fête.

OBLIGED TO TAKE OFF HER HOOPS.

A letter from Verviers states that a lady who arrived there a few days ago by a railway train from Prussia wore a crinoline of such ample dimensions as to excite the suspicions of the custom-house officers. A search consequently took place, and the fashionable portion of female attire was found to have very skillfully attached to its ample folds not less than 117 pairs of white stockings, which the wearer intended to smuggle into Belgium. The stockings and crinoline were confiscated, and the lady handed over to the law authorities for prosecution.

A CARGO OF WILD BEASTS.

"The *Brasileiro*, which has just arrived at Nantes from Para," says a French paper, "has brought over several serpents of the boa species, one of which is upward of nine feet long. During the passage nearly forty of these reptiles were born on board, some of which managed to get out of the box in which the mother was kept, and to disperse about the hold of the vessel, where they still remain at liberty. Fortunately, the species is not in any way venomous. The same vessel brought over a crocodile and a black tiger. The former was found one morning with the flesh of one of its legs devoured by rats, and it died the next day. As to the tiger, it could not support the change of climate, and expired at St. Nazaire the day after the vessel came into port."

AUSTRIA.

RESULT OF LORD COWLEY'S MISSION.

The *Correspondance Havas* gives the following as the result of Lord Cowley's efforts to effect an arrangement:

"The mission which the English diplomatist came to fulfill here is now closed, and it can be declared not to have been crowned with success, in the real meaning of the term. Though Count de Buol did not completely reject the propositions of the Derby Cabinet, which were warmly supported by that of Berlin, he thought right to submit to the noble lord, in their second conference, as already stated, a counter-project, on the basis of which Austria would consent to enter diplomatically, and with the co-operation of the other great powers, into negotiations with France. A few days after this counter-project had been sent to London, it became known at Vienna that the cabinet of the Tuileries refused to accept the basis proposed, on the ground that it would rather consecrate than change the abnormal situation of Italy, against the permanent existence of which so many objections are made. The revision of the old treaties in the petty States of Italy was conceded by the Austrian government, but on the express condition that on the slightest revolutionary movement it should have the conclusive right of intervening militarily. We might add that the simultaneous evacuation of the Roman States by France and Austria being admitted in principle, the Austrian troops would not the less keep garrisons in the three fortresses of Ferrara, Piacenza, and Comachio. Austria declared herself perfectly disposed to join her good offices to those of the great powers, to induce the petty States of Italy by persuasions to effect administrative reforms; but that concession will not appear to prudent persons to be of any weight as long as Austria maintains, in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, the administrative system now in force for half a century. To sum up, the English diplomatist has left Vienna, bearing with him, it is true, the most friendly and pacific assurances on the part of the Austrian Government and court, but without having obtained any positive engagement of adhesion to the proposals which the British Government, in the most praiseworthy manner, had put forward.

PRUSSIA.

HEALTH OF VON HUMBOLDT.

Recent accounts from Berlin acquainted us with the intelligence that the health of this distinguished man was in a very unsatisfactory condition. We are happy to find, however, in a letter from Berlin, dated the 5th, that M. Humboldt is now convalescent. The University ball was held on the 4th, and at eight o'clock the dancing was suddenly interrupted, and the crowd of visitors of both sexes hastened to the entrance in order to greet M. Humboldt, who was conducted by the Rector of the University, Professor Dove. Immediately on his entrance he was greeted in the warmest manner by all present and by the orchestra. The students, especially, seized the opportunity to show honor and homage to the distinguished savant, who had by his presence so much added to the *éclat* of the festivities.

ITALY.

MOVEMENTS OF SARDINIAN TROOPS.

The *Patrie* says: "We learn from Turin that the garrison of that town is on its way to the Ticino, where the whole of the cavalry has preceded it. Garibaldi has been appointed 'general of division' (lieutenant-general), and will command the three new battalions that are being formed at Cuneo. The patriotism of the Piedmontese continues undiminished. Marquis Ala Ponzoni has just organized a battery of artillery (eight guns), to make a present of it to the Government. The Austrian Government has made numerous military promotions; one might fancy one's self at the eve of a contest. Five majors general have been appointed divisional lieutenant marshals; ten colonels have been promoted to be majors general and brigadiers."

DEATH OF AN AMERICAN AT VESUVIUS.

A letter from Naples, in the Brussels *Indépendance*, says: "Last week Vesuvius was the scene of a deplorable event. An American, who, it is said, had the evening before received disastrous news from home, threw himself, while in the presence of a number of travelers of different countries, into a current of lava. His body was, of course, almost instantly consumed."

HOW THE PRINCE OF WALES TRAVELS.

A letter from Rome in the *Opinione* of Turin accuses Colonel Bruce of a breach of etiquette in not allowing the Prince of Wales to have a private interview with the Pope, but entering the presence with his Royal Highness, although, observes the writer, the Prince was received as sovereigns are, and as such should have been introduced to his Holiness alone. "The writer of the letter is no doubt ignorant of the fact," observes *Galignani*, "that Colonel Bruce has positive instructions from home not to leave the Prince alone for a single minute, and that he could not, therefore, act otherwise than he did."

THE KING OF NAPLES AND THE EVIL-EYE.

The King of Naples is a firm believer in the Neapolitan superstition of the jettatura, or "evil-eye." Shortly after he ascended the throne, a nobleman and his family who were supposed to possess the "evil-eye" were prohibited from attending at court. After years of banishment the nobleman petitioned and obtained leave to visit the court. Very soon after a first appearance at a court entertainment a fearful explosion took place in a distant part of the arsenal, whereby several lives were lost. This was immediately attributed to the "evil-eye," and the unfortunate nobleman and his family were again prohibited from appearing at court. There is at the present moment another nobleman in Naples who is more than suspected of possessing this singular misfortune; but whenever he can detect the persons propagating the scandal he is sure to call them out. He has had to fight more than one duel, and by this means has contrived to terrify the multitude into propriety. Nevertheless, the matter is still secretly whispered. The Archbishop of Taranto, when he was Minister for the Interior, always kept shuffling under his hat, making horns with his fingers; and he never failed, when there were foreign embassadors and new arrivals, to say to the King, *sotto voce*, "Maesta fate i corni"—literally, "Point your fingers at them; there is an 'evil-eye' among them."

SACRED THINGS IN ITALY.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "The last number of the *Fischietto*, or Turin *Punch*, contains a large caricature which affords a specimen of the respect here shown to sacred things at the present moment. Lombardy or Italy—I am not sure which is intended, but believe the former—is represented as the Virgin Mary, holding in her hands Cavour as the infant Saviour, who extends toward her a cross, on which is inscribed, '*Croce di Savoi.*' Cavour, in spectacles, checked trowsers, and a short coat, his face and figure greatly caricatured, looks comical enough in the arms of the woman. Both figures have glories round their heads. Beneath is the inscription, '*La sine tabe dei libertini e rispettivo marmochio.*' *Libertini* (libertines) is the term applied here to the Liberals by their political opponents, just as the former style the latter *codini*, or pigtails, in reference to their imputed antiquated ideas and retrograde tendencies. I inclose you the caricature, that you may judge of it for yourself. I hope it is not to be taken as a hint of the state to which we are coming. Such liberty of the press is surely very near akin to licentiousness. As Protestants we are not called upon to worship the Virgin Mary as Roman Catholics do; but I do not think such irreverence and profanity as this would be tolerated in England—at least not by public opinion, whatever the law might say to it."

SPAIN.

ARRIVAL OF MR. PRESTON.

Mr. Preston, the Minister of the United States, was received on the 12th by the Queen in a private audience. In the name of President Buchanan he assured her Majesty of the President's desire to maintain friendly relations with Spain, and expressed his own personal conviction that the general wish of the people of the United States was to preserve the bonds of friendship at present existing between the States and Spain, and to do every thing in their power to avoid any misunderstanding between the two countries. The Queen replied in terms flattering both to the United States and its Minister.

PERSIA.

A GREAT MAN TORTURED.

Letters from Teheran, dated New-Year's Day, mention that his Majesty the Shah had applied torture of the most revolting barbarity to extort moneys out of the brother and nephew of the late disgraced Minister, the Sader Azam, which had the effect of making them disgorge about £50,000, but that his Majesty would not rest content until this sum was doubled.

NICARAGUA.

ARRIVAL OF MONSIEUR BELLY WITH HIS FORCES.

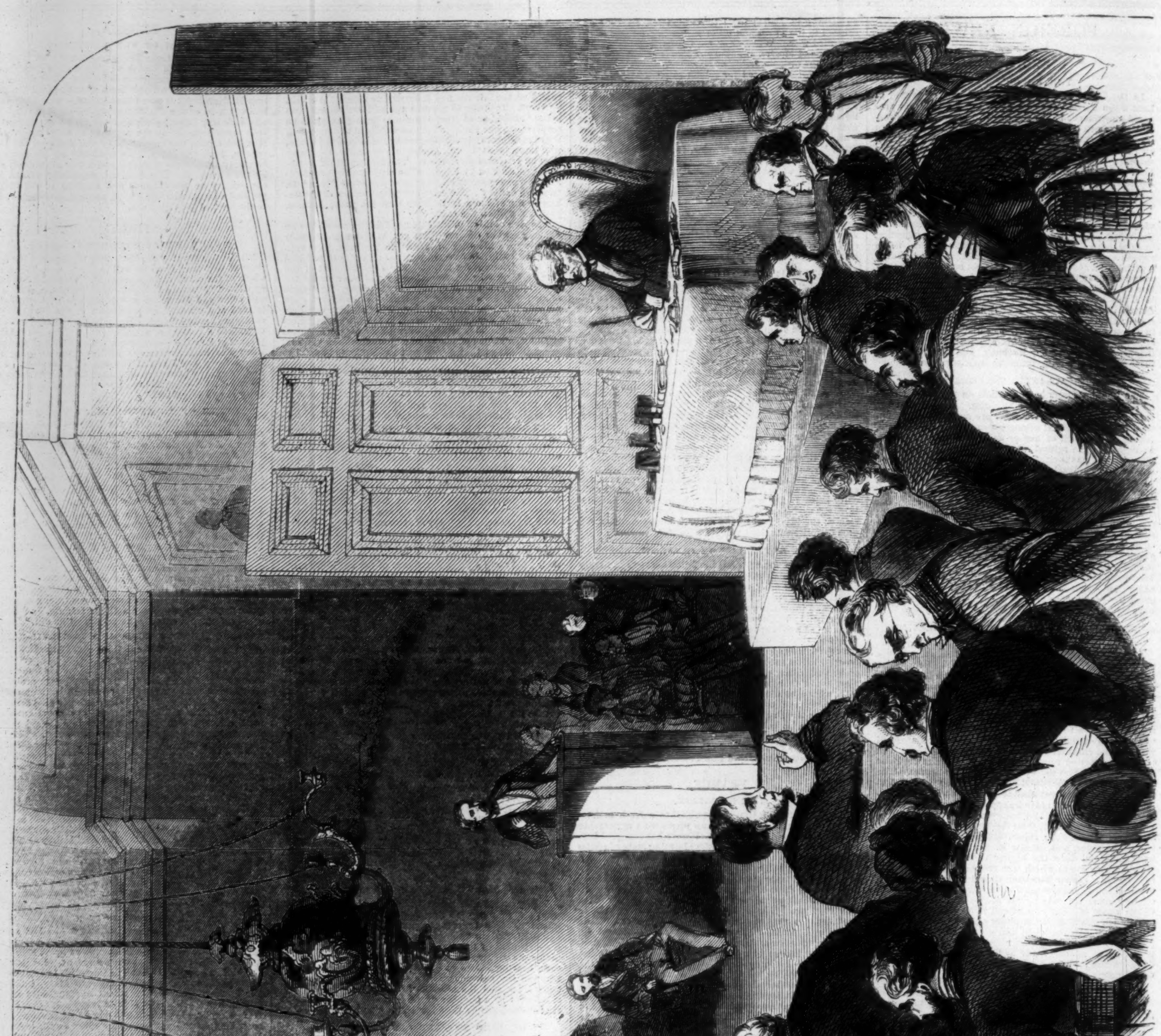
Monsieur Belly, with forty officers and men, arrived at Greytown on the 15th ultimo, being the pioneer staff for the construction of the canal, who will be semi-monthly reinforced by the English steamers with fifty Frenchmen.

Forts Castillo and San Carlos are to be given up for their head-quarters immediately. Rather a significant circumstance, however, when coupled with the fact that some of the corps are of Algerian and Crimean fame. Colonel Cooper, an English topographer, is also on the ground.

PARAGUAY.

PROSPECT OF A SETTLEMENT OF THE DIFFICULTY.

The *Herald* correspondent in Buenos Ayres, writing on January 27, informs us that there is a probability of the peaceful settlement of our Paraguayan difficulties. Commissioner Bowlin had had an interview with the plenipotentiaries of the Paraguayan Government, and they had expressed an anxious desire for a fair, just, and peaceful arrangement with the United States. They further stated that they were authorized to form a treaty with the United States similar to those with England, France, and Sardinia, and were willing to leave to arbitration whatever claims the United States or its citizens might have against Paraguay. Mr. Bowlin made no positive answer, but was to meet the plenipotentiaries at the city of Corrientes within thirty days.



THE TRIAL OF THE HON. DANIEL E. SICKLES FOR THE MURDER OF P. BARTON KEY, ESQ., AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

JUDGE CRAWFORD.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

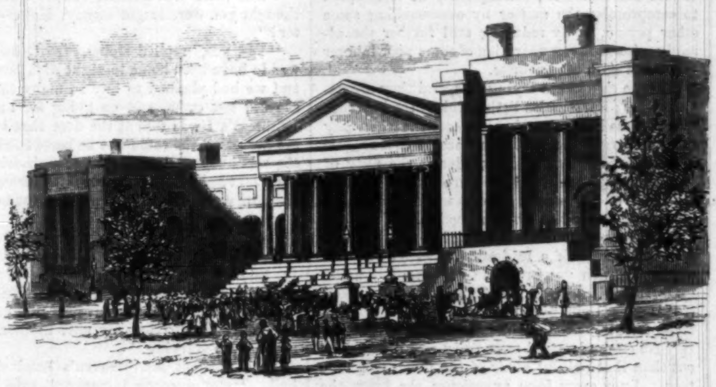
DISTRICT ATTORNEY OULD.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

THE TRIAL OF HON. DANIEL E. SICKLES.

THE accompanying illustrations, for the fidelity of which the well-known accuracy of the photographer Brady will vouch, will enable our country readers to realize the great trial which is now pending at Washington. Considering every thing, the nature of the charge, the standing of the prisoner and the deceased, and the circumstances generally, the case will undoubtedly be the most striking of American *causes célèbres*.

We give in another part of this paper an elaborate review of Mr. Sickles's career, prepared by a friendly hand. It must not be forgotten that Mr. Key, too, had a history. He had advantages of birth over Mr. Sickles, and in the Washington and Baltimore circles in which he moved he occupied an enviable position, as popular with men as with women, and universally esteemed a man of high honor, chivalrous disposition, gentle bearing, and generous soul. Since the fatal catastrophe which deprived him of the power of defending himself, numerous stories to his prejudice have been current in the papers. He has been accused of inordinate vanity, and a habit of basely boasting of his successes among women. We believe that, on investigation, these charges will prove to be base inventions, circulated by some overzealous and unscrupulous friend of Mr. Sickles, in the mean hope of influencing the jury. That the deceased had his faults—God help him!—the miserable event which has led to these illustrations proves but too clearly. Still let us not exaggerate even his sins.

The trial now pending will, in all probability, form a valuable precedent for our courts. It is being closely watched by the whole people—especially by that part of them who are not in the habit of restraining their passions within the limits of law and morality.



THE CITY HALL AT WASHINGTON, IN WHICH THE TRIAL TAKES PLACE.

MRS. SICKLES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

THE WITNESS BUTTERWORTH.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

BARGAIN-HUNTING.

MR. WARREN and his niece Marion had been waiting in the drawing-room for the arrival of his sister-in-law and her three daughters for more than an hour, and the old gentleman was getting impatient for his tea. He had been inveigled up to town at least three weeks before his presence would be necessary at the wedding of one of these young ladies; and though, during all that time, he had been subjected to their endless colloquies about "shopping," and their triumphant peans over their "bargains," the *trousseau* was by no means complete yet.

In that late autumn evening the female four were still cheapening silks and muslins in the accustomed manner.

It was not the present inconvenience, however, which, to do him justice, was troubling Mr. Warren, so much as his reflections upon the system which the ladies were thus thoughtlessly pursuing. He could not now forbear giving Marion his opinion upon the matter, although, in consideration for the happy event which was in such close prospect, he had hitherto spared his nieces.

"I can recollect the time," said he, "when people paid for the quality of what they bought; but now, when the world goes so fast, the passion is for cheapness, and we hear people boasting of their bargains, forgetting the many who, in consequence, are half-clad and hungry; and when the poor man's health goes, what has he to look to? Think of the departments more peculiarly patronized by female influence; think of the numbers of young females who annually lose, many their sight, and many their lives, while working long and weary hours in the millinery and dress-making establishments of our country."

"Yet what can be done, uncle?" inquired Marion. "What can be done? What can I do? I have no influence. I can do nothing to help."

At this moment a loud ring at the door-bell announced the return of the wanderers; and after the lapse of a few moments they were all gathered round the tea-table, and the business of tea was commenced.

"And now for the news," said Lucy; "we have done a great deal this evening; and, mamma, I think it is only fair that Aunt Mary and Marion, left at home to amuse themselves, should participate in our exploits."

"I really think we have a right to know them," said Aunt Mary, good-humoredly.

"The explanation, then, is this," replied Lucy, in a low tone, "that we were all bent upon going, where we were not so fond of being seen at an earlier part of the day, to one of those extraordinary shops where one gets things almost for nothing, and where, I suppose, in a few years, a premium will be offered to any lady who will be so very kind and obliging as to accept of their articles—"

"We certainly have made some extraordinary purchases," said Julia, interrupting her sister; "such bargains I never saw!" and she proceeded to enumerate various little fancy articles.

"And the dresses," continued Julia, "they certainly were bargains. Flushington told us we could not get them any where else for double the money, because he deals with a manufactory where they give the people the very least sums in the world, and employ a great number. They are imitations, to be sure, but are they not very lovely?"

"Stop, stop!" cried Elizabeth, who had been measuring the cloth; "I am a yard short, and here is a great hole!"

"Oh! never mind that," said Lucy, as though she enjoyed the discovery; "it was cheap, and that is enough."

"Well, we shall not mind it, then," continued Julia; "there is enough without the missing yard; indeed, we have bought many things we did not much want, just because they were so temptingly cheap; but the greatest bargain is yet to come."

"The mittens," said Lucy; "yes, certainly the mittens were wonders. I bought gloves, silk, needles, and meshes some weeks ago, to make a pair for myself, and here we have got mittens beautifully made for less, actually, than I paid for the materials."

Here Elizabeth placed upon the table a bundle of beautifully finished black lace mittens.

"They are all hand-wrought," said Aunt Mary, taking up one of them, "and are exquisitely done; much time must have been spent upon them."

"Yes," said Lucy, "I know that from experience; mine go on at a snail's pace. I would not make a pair for any one under three times the sum we paid for these. We were just leaving the shop when we observed them, and I priced one pair, which was not much more than I had paid for my materials; but we had already bought so many things that we thought we might get them still cheaper, so we offered Flushington a small sum for each, provided we took the whole parcel of them—there are so many of us, we shall soon wear them out—and after some deliberation he gave us them, and certainly they are bargains."

"Wonderful bargains!" repeated the other two sisters.

"But we have not done yet, Julia; the dress for Mrs. Philips—you must not forget that."

"Oh! I do not forget it," said Julia. "We bought a dress, which I am to wear on Monday evening, Marion."

"On Monday evening!" repeated Marion—"and this is Saturday night; surely it can not be made so quickly, and with all the bugle-trimmings you wish."

"Oh yes, we have managed that too! We went to Mrs. Primrose and told her it must be done—in short, that it was indispensable. At first she said it was impossible; but after hinting about further orders she said it should be done."

"Bugle-trimmings and all," added Elizabeth; "for I heard her whisper to her forewoman to tell a young person—who, I know, is her best worker in bugles—that she could not get away this evening; so I am sure it will be done, and well done, too."

"And now, uncle," said Lucy, "now that our narration is over, have we not been most actively and most creditably employed?"

There was no answer from Mr. Warren for a few seconds, during which time the quick-sighted Marion discovered that his cogitations were not of a pleasant nature.

"Lucy," he at length said, "do you wish a candid answer to your question? for if so, I am sorry I can not give it without causing you all pain. In the midst of so much hilarity, and so many pleasing anticipations, I feel grieved to say any thing that may damp your mirth; but when I remember that Julia is about to take her place as a matron, I can not refrain from speaking openly upon the subject."

"Julia, my dear," continued the old man, affectionately, taking her hand, "you are about to become the wife of a very noble young man. I am glad he is not among us to-night; his mind is too quick-sighted, and his heart is too generous, not to have been wounded by the recital of your evening's transactions. Just before you came in Marion and I were talking of the sad state of thousands of our fellow-creatures, who work long and weary hours in an atmosphere fatal to health; while thousands of their more enlightened and highly-educated brothers and sisters, knowing all this, in the frantic struggle for cheapness, do all in their power to sink them still lower in the oppressions of a life which, while it often kills the body, oftener slays the soul. In every department, go where we will, we find few exceptions to the general rule, excessive work or very low wages. I do not mean to impugn Flushington's respectability, for I know nothing of him; but I know that many shops are opened by young men who begin by advertising that they will undersell their neighbors, and many of such people have two prices. The bargain-hunter enters the shop, and the tradesman feels that either he must sell his goods under their value or lose his customer; consequently he is tempted to compromise the matter by overreaching some other person, or by reducing still further the already miserable remuneration of some poor laborer connected with his business.

"These things are crying sins, and they are national sins; but females little think of the influence they possess in all shopping transactions when they stoop to bargaining, and thus become encouragers of fraud and cruelty. I consider it the duty of every lady to endeavor to acquire correct ideas of the value of the several articles which come more especially under her own inspection. Make it a rule never to purchase any thing knowingly under its real value. If a tradesman offer you a piece of goods which you are quite convinced is under its worth, reject it, and in future shun the shop; if it is offered you by a poor vendor in evident distress, take it, but give the full value.

"No example could more fully suit me at present than that painful affair of the black lace mittens. Lucy owns from experience she knew the value of the materials and the labor of the work. They were offered cheaply even at first, probably much too cheaply to repay the waste of some poor fellow-creature's eyes; and yet you were not satisfied, but forced the tradesman either to run the risk of offending you, or of bleeding the heart of some poor creature to an extent of which we little dream, and which we can never know. When any of you come to visit me at Rookwood, may I beg that I may never see these mittens worn; I should always fancy that I saw the words 'hand-wrought' engraved upon them, and that some poor miserable woman, in consequence, sat weeping in a cold garret; but I have done with this. I wish to say a few words about the transaction at Mrs. Primrose's.

"We all know the great mortality that takes place annually in the dress-making and millinery departments; and it is likewise to be feared that there is considerable encroachment practiced on the sacred hours of the Sabbath. Many ladies, I feel glad to say, in order effectually, so far as they are concerned, to prevent the possibility of giving any pretext for the system, invariably give their orders early in the week, so that they may be finished with ease before its expiration. If an emergency arise suddenly, requiring a new dress, the considerate lady will never for a moment hesitate between the evanescent gratification of appearing in a new dress, and the harrowing conviction that, to feed her vanity, a fellow-sister has been oppressed and defrauded of that rest which the Eye which looks upon all impartially wishes to see man universally enjoying."

Here a servant entered the room, whispered a few words to Aunt Mary, which broke off the conversation.

"Helen Campbell," said Aunt Mary, in surprise, "is she below? Yes, I will see her. This is the young person," said she, addressing her nieces, "about whom I wished to interest you; I should like your brother also to see her. Her story is simply this: She is the support of an aged mother, who has once seen better days, and is now in extreme poverty and want, and is dying of consumption. Show her in," said she to the servant, who immediately left the room.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Warren, "the sight of so many may appall her"—but there was no time to recall the order, for the door immediately opened, and Helen Campbell, a slight, delicate, gentle-looking girl, walked in with modest ease; yet with that fixed and anxious expression with which one might enter a crowded room, and yet see no one in particular, the mind and thoughts being concentrated elsewhere.

"My poor Helen," said Aunt Mary, kindly, taking her hand, and placing her on a chair, "I fear you have bad news; is your mother worse to-night?"

"Oh yes," said the poor girl, as the tears began to chase each other down her thin cheeks. "She is greatly worse, and they tell me she is going—that she can not live now."

"How is this?" inquired Aunt Mary, anxiously. "When I saw her in the beginning of the week she seemed better. Is her cough worse? is there any new symptom? or what is it?"

"No new symptom," said Helen, sadly, "but weakness, dreadful weakness."

"Is her appetite gone, then?" inquired Aunt Mary.

"No, no!" replied Helen, as the blood mounted to her forehead, and she bit her lip, as if trying to maintain a measure of composure; "it is not gone, but she—has nothing to eat."

"I am distressed to hear all this, Helen," interrupted Aunt Mary. "I have not gone to see you for some days past, thinking you were not in need. When I saw you last you expected plenty of money to buy wine and food to bring up her strength."

"So I did," replied the girl. "When I saw you I was full of good hopes, but they are all gone now. I had worked nearly night and day for three weeks, and expected great remuneration for my work. Day after day I have called for payment, and have always been put off; and when at last I entreated for some money to-night, Flushington told me he has been obliged to sell the things for almost nothing, and could not give me any thing at all till Monday. My mittens—my beautiful mittens, how I doted on them!"

"Flushington!" said Aunt Mary, much amazed, and taking up one of the bargain-gloves which still lay upon the table, "are these your work, Helen?" she said.

"Oh yes," said poor Helen, clasping the mitten in both hands, and bursting into tears; "on which I built so many hopes—food and wine, and life, and strength, and happy days were thought of with every new row, and all is gone!"

Julia covered her face with both hands, and her sisters became very thoughtful. Aunt Mary rose and poked the fire, and even Uncle Warren took out his pocket-handkerchief, and made so great a noise that poor Helen's sobs could not be heard.

"But there was another source from which I thought you were to get money, Helen—your sister?"

"Yes, yes," replied Helen, "so I thought; she was to have been home to-night with her earnings, and we had planned to buy so many things; but she did not come, and on going for her to Mrs. Primrose's I was told at the door that I could not see her—that she could not be home to-night—that she was busy again with more bugle-trimmings—nor could her money be paid till the dress on which she now works is finished, which must be by Monday evening."

Aunt Mary again poked the fire, and Julia, uttering a faint cry, sunk her still-covered face upon the table.

"Oh, ma'am, forgive me," said Helen, suddenly starting to her feet; "forgive me that once more I ask you for help; but my poor mother is dying, and she is—starving."

In a moment Mr. Warren's hand was on the bell. "Get a coach instantly," said he to the servant who appeared; "and, Mrs. Warren, get wine and bread ready immediately. I myself will go with this poor girl. Julia, get your cloak and bonnet: I wish you to go with me."

In a few moments the carriage arrived, and a bottle of wine and various kinds of food were quickly placed in a basket, and they prepared to go.

"Sir," said Helen earnestly, "may I ask you to take out the cork from the wine-bottle, that there may be no delay when we arrive—there is no screw near us, and she has so longed for wine!"

This being done, Mr. Warren, Julia, and Helen Campbell were soon on their way.

"I fear we may alarm your mother at this hour," said Mr. Warren.

"Oh no, Sir," replied Helen; "the door we enter by is at her back. You can be in the room without her seeing you at first. She is watched over by some kind Scotchwomen who live beside us. Oh, how I wish we were there!"

The way was long, however; but in due time they did arrive, and following Helen along a dark passage, and down a narrow stair, they found themselves in a small miserable-looking room. Mr. Warren seated Julia along with himself on two wooden stools, while Helen, rushing in with the basket, took from the table a little broken cup, which she filled with wine, and hastened to refresh the poor sufferer, whose face was concealed from Mr. Warren's view. It was with delight that Mr. Warren witnessed what had so often before melted his heart—the kindness of the poor to the poor. Several wretched-looking women, hard worked and worn out, yet kept alive by the woman's heart within them, stood around the sick bed; and as Helen approached with the little broken cup and the wine, one of them with the utmost tenderness, laying her hand gently on her arm, said, kindly:

"Na, na, Miss, she's past that noo; she'll drink nae mair o' the fruit o' the vine in this warld."

"Wine!" cried another woman—"is't wine?—and she cried sae sair for't yesterday."

"Dear mother," said Helen, fondly bending over her, "you must take it—it will soon revive you; and see!" said she, holding up the basket, "here is bread and sago, and many things to make you well."

"Wae's me!" said one of the women; "and her that's had naething but cauld water and crusts the day."

"Dear mother," continued Helen, "will you not drink? It will revive you, it will cheer you, it will make you live."

There was no answer. The poor widow's sorrows were over.

* * * * * * *

Taking one of the women aside, Mr. Warren put a guinea into her hand, desiring her to use it as she thought best for poor Helen's comfort, whom he should see again on the morrow. He then took Julia out of the room, kindly leading her through the dark passage up the narrow stair, after which she hurried to the carriage, into a corner of which she threw herself in an agony of tears.

Some time passed, during which he did not disturb her. At length, taking her hand, "My dear Julia," he said, "it is enough. This evening has been one of the most painful of your hitherto unchequered life. We shall say no more of the earlier transactions of the evening, but will now only consider how we may best assist poor Helen Campbell and her sister. But suffer one parting word of advice from an old man who loves you dearly. Do not too easily dismiss from your mind the events of this night. Think of them often, and place them before you; and by their example act in your future life, and you will be rewarded by finding that you are thereby more fitted to be the companion of the generous and excellent young man who in a few days is to call you his wife."

Julia's only reply was another flood of tears, and a silent pressure of her uncle's hand, as the carriage stopped, and she ran hurriedly to her room. Instantly unlocking her desk, she wrote a note to Mrs. Primrose, saying that she should not require her dress on Monday, and begging as a particular favor that Miss Campbell might be allowed immediately to return to her mother's house.

The short interval between that memorable evening and the long-expected 25th found full occupation in comforting and consoling the sorrowing sisters, who now only remember it as the night on which they were made motherless. The 25th is now past, and the young bride has become a matron.

WHAT I WENT THROUGH TO GET HER.

SHE is mine at last. No more doubts, no more fears, no more truckling to eccentric relations! She is mine, body, mind, and three per cents. (all but ten thousand settled upon her), mine! It is *my* bonnet that she is now taking such a time about tying on her head. Well may I triumph: neither Jason in pursuit of the Golden Fleece—myth typifying a rich heiress, in whose presence the adventurer felt remarkably sheepish—nor Aladdin, nor the hero of any one of Mr. G. P. R. James's novels, ever went through a more trying ordeal than I. But let me calm these transports, that I may relate, in a simple, unimpassioned manner, what difficulties I had to surmount antecedent to the conversion of Miss Potts into Mrs. Pans.

When I heard that Miss Sarah Potts was likely to inherit the property of her paternal uncle, Colonel Sir George Potts, late Governor of Semetary Island, it occurred to me that I had danced much and carried flirtation to the very verge of proposal with that young lady, whose beauty had always fascinated, while her good temper had charmed me. Indeed, she had only needed this touch from the philosopher's stone to render her irresistible; so I packed up my portmanteau, and started for Scarborough, where the Potts family were then residing.

Veni, vidi, vici!

"But," whispered the dearest and most sensible of girls, as I wrapped her opera-cloak round her pearly shoulders, on the most eventful of nights, "oh, Charles, beware how you offend my uncle, and, above all things, *humor my aunt!*"

If I pride myself upon any thing, it is my power of making myself agreeable to every body, of whatever age, sex, or condition—indeed, I have reason to suppose that some of my friends consider me actually stupid, so nicely can I adapt my conversation to my company—and it was with a confident heart and firm hand that I rang the bell of Colonel Potts's lodgings on the following morning.

The door opened with a suddenness which startled me, and I found myself opposite a six-foot footman, tall, stiff, and erect as a Potsdam grenadier, who went, at my desire, to see if his master was at home, and then returned with an affirmative answer, and heralded me up stairs.

As I entered the apartment I heard a rustle, and saw the door of an inner room close, which distracted my thoughts for a moment, so that it required a violent effort of will to concentrate my attention on the object before me. The object before me was a stout short gentleman of about fifty, with white hair, white whiskers, and very shaggy white eyebrows—a chilling uniformity of color, somewhat relieved by his having yellows instead of whites to his eyes, while the same delicate primrose tinge spread over the surface of his cheeks and forehead, the whole countenance being warmed by the rich rosy tint of his nose.

"I knew Miss Potts formerly, Sir," said I, plunging in at once; "indeed, I may say, I was intimate with her family; so, seeing her here, and learning that she was at present residing with you, I have taken the liberty of calling—"

"No liberty at all, Sir. As a friend of my late brother I am delighted to make your acquaintance. Pray be seated; Lady Potts will be down directly."

And we began to converse about a variety of topics, on some of which I found myself expressing very singular opinions; for in my anxiety to bring the conversation round to Sarah, I said I hardly knew what, till at last, fearing he would form a bad opinion of me, I apologized for my inattention, and told him right out that I came as a suitor for his niece's hand.

He was rather taken aback, I think, for he hemmed and hawed and took snuff, and spent a considerable time in brushing off certain imaginary particles of the pungent dust from his shirt-frill before he answered.

"Quite right, Mr. Pans; you have acted in a very honorable and straightforward manner. Yes, you have done well to apply first to the commanding-officer for leave to—"

"A-hem!" coughed some one in the next room, for a folding-door which spread across from wall to wall, but which did not fit very closely to the floor or ceiling, was the only partition separating the apartments, through which sound circulated with such ease that a poor lady could not even clear her throat without being overheard.

"By-the-by," continued the Colonel, "as our conference will probably be a longer one than I at first

supposed, I will just finish a little pressing matter I was engaged upon when you came in, and return. I shall not be long."

He left the room by the outer door, and presently after I heard that of the next room open and shut, and then voices.

"Whish—whish—shish—wish—shish."

"Well, my dear, what the dickens am I to say?"

"Hush—sh—sh—sh—sh! Whish—shish—whish."

"Wurwurwurrerwur," etc., etc.

The Colonel had gone to *his* commanding-officer for orders. In about ten minutes he came back.

"Pardon me," he said, "for keeping you waiting so long. Now for this matter we were speaking of. First, let me explain to you how far my authority extends over my niece. She can, of course, marry whom she pleases; but if I did not approve of the match I should not consider myself bound to do any thing for her; if, on the other hand, I and—and Mrs. Potts—were pleased with her choice, she would continue to hold the place she at present occupies in my will, and I should pay down as her marriage-portion £*x*."

The voice went on, but what it uttered was inaudible to my mind for the next five minutes. The sum represented by *x* so far exceeded my expectations that I was lost, bewildered, breathless with anxiety at the bare idea of losing my dearest Sarah: never had my imagination painted her charms in such glowing colors.

"And now," the Colonel was saying when I had somewhat recovered, "I should like to ask you a few questions. It is the fashion, nowadays, to depreciate the advantages of birth and blood; to me they are of vital importance. I consider that there is as much difference between a gentleman and a plebeian as between a race-horse and a donkey. I should like to hear a few details about your family."

While I was yet descanting on the merits of my forefathers a dark object, observable through the slit of the door, was suddenly removed, the sunbeams gleamed in through one unbroken line, and, by a singular coincidence, Lady Potts immediately afterward entered the room. She was a tall, bony woman, with a Roman nose, large under-jaw, muddy green eyes, sallow complexion, and low forehead. She was dressed in a magnificent velvet gown, wonderful black hair, a small lace cap, and chains, rings, and bracelets costly enough to make a garroter howl at the thought that she never ventured out on foot after dusk. Her age was about— Whither are you hurrying me, pen indiscreet?——

It was very hard work, but I at length succeeded in making a favorable impression; for Lady Potts made a sign to her Sir, who, being well trained, immediately took up his cue.

"Well," said he, "to return to the matter you have called here to speak about. We must know a little more of you before we can make any promise. We leave this the day after to-morrow, and return to Norfolk, to be in time for the 1st of September. Come down and help me to murder the partridges. Are you a good shot?"

I left the house triumphant, but trembling. I had secured a footing, and a good one; but what a trial was before me! An examination is always a nervous thing, but fancy going in for an indefinite *viva voce!* That was the prospect before me. I returned at once to London, had my gun and shooting gear put in order, selected an extensive assortment of clothes, and started for Montgomery Park, Norfolk, on Bartholomew's Eve (partridge reckoning).

The coach put me down at a small inn called the "Montgomery Arms," where I found a dog-cart waiting for me, and then I had a three-mile drive through the Potts estates.

The Hall was a handsome building of white stone. At the further end a dark-hued "buttons" was playing a tune on a bugle; and before I had time to wonder at a servant being allowed to cultivate his musical talents in a spot where he must necessarily annoy the whole household, the most solemn and punctilious of butlers came up to me, and said, "The Colonel has given orders, Sir, that you are to go to your room at once; that is the dressing-bugle: when you hear the next you will come down into the drawing-room." And he ushered me up stairs into a very comfortable bedroom, whither my luggage had preceded me.

I dressed myself as fast as I could, in hopes of getting a word with Sarah before dinner; and the dearest girl anticipated my wish, for, on opening the drawing-room door, I saw she was there alone.

Time was precious; so, the one minute devoted to rapture being over, I said, "Adored one, can you give me a hint?"

"Yes; you made a favorable impression at Scarborough, and will easily get on; at least, I always do. They both spoil me. Never mind a little roughness; they mean nothing. Aunt is the dearest, most lovable, kindest of women, so long as she has her own way and is not contradicted. She is rather a bigot; so you had better put your liberality in your pocket. And she thinks a good deal of her family—was a Miss Montgomery, and brought this estate to uncle."

"Ah! and Sir George?"

"Well, you must be very good, and keep your temper. Uncle is a dear, *dear* man, but rather inclined to order people about. You see, aunt rules him, so he likes to rule others. His temper is somewhat violent at times, but he soon comes round if not opposed, and then he tries to atone for what he has said or done while angry. Oh! I almost forgot: above all things, be very punctual; if you are ever late for breakfast or dinner I will not answer for the consequences. And is there any thing else? Yes; if you could take snuff it would please him. There goes the bugle!" And to the tune of "Oh the Roast Beef of Old England" Sir George and Lady Potts entered the room.

"Welcome, Mr. Pans, to Montgomery Hall," said the lady, graciously according me her hand.

"How de do? Glad to see you," said the Colonel. "Ready for the birds to-morrow? Have a pinch?"

Mindful of the final hint I had received from Sarah, I accepted the offer, and tried to drop the snuff while pretending, with much noise and apparent enjoyment, to draw it up into my nose; but a few grains more volatile than the rest insisted on making their way in, and I found it necessary to blow that organ.

"Niff, niff! Bless my soul, how disgusting! Niff, niff! What can it be? Why, it is your handkerchief! It's musk! Young man, you are offensive! Come with me," said Sir George.

I am not over-patient by nature, and felt all the blood in my body fly to my face at this insult; but I thought of the stake I was playing for, swallowed my anger, and followed him.

"Throw the thing down! John, take that handkerchief away," said he, when we had reached the hall. "This way, Mr. Pans." And he led me into his study, opened a folding washing-stand, poured water into the basin, and said, pointing to it, "Wash!"

I obeyed him, and we returned to the drawing-room.

"My lady is served," the butler presently announced; and as he did not speak literally—in which case we should have had but a tough and scraggy dinner—but metaphorically, I offered my arm.

"John," said Lady Potts to the footman who brought her soup, "is Flora well enough to come down?"

"No, my lady. Susan has been trying to get her to eat something all day, but the smell of food even seems to go against her."

"Oh! the poor suffering darling! Oh! the sweet pet! I hope she will not die."

"I hope she will!" I mentally ejaculated, for a horrible suspicion flashed across my mind. Who was this Flora?—a new favorite, an adopted child, destined to cause the dislocation of the principal facial ornament of my beloved Sarah? Dreadful thought, which I drowned in a glass of Champagne.

My hosts grew almost good-tempered under the influence of good cookery and generous wine. Sir George condescended to explain that his aversion to scent arose from the disgust he had acquired for musk-rats in Semetary Island; and Lady Potts grew quite natural, and gave me many minute details of the sagacity of a favorite cat she had once had; whereupon I told her several interesting anecdotes relating to that woefully misunderstood animal which shall not be confided to an undiscerning public, apt to confound poetical embellishment with want of truthfulness.

I could not manage to enjoy much conversation with my beloved Sarah, but consoled myself with the reflection that, if all went well, I should get quite enough before "death or the Poor-Law Commissioners us did part."

When the ladies had withdrawn, the Colonel ensconced himself in an easy-chair, and began pumping me in so obvious a manner that I had no difficulty in flowing to his entire satisfaction. At the end of about a bottle he threw his napkin over his head, and said,

"Ring when you want more claret. When you have had enough, go to the ladies; and make no noise."

And presently he snored.

When I entered the drawing-room I found Sarah asleep on the sofa, and Lady Potts hanging over a basket adorned with pink silk.

"Was it a poor little dear suffering angel, den! Was a pretty creature, with its little brown eyes."

Flora, doubtless! It was an infant, then, that had thus seduced the affections of the capricious lady from my Sarah—a mere infant! Surely babycide can not be *very* wrong; one might have an accident and sit on the thing, and nobody be a bit the wiser. Such were my thoughts as I approached the basket, in which, to my intense relief, I saw a very fat black and tan spaniel, with long silky hair and very apoplectic eyes.

"What a beautiful dog!" I exclaimed. "Is it ill?"

"Oh! very, very ill. Poor dear Flora! She has quite lost her appetite—she who always enjoyed her food so! She has eaten nothing to-day but the wing of a chicken and a few macaroons."

"If you will allow me to examine her I may be of some service; I am used to dogs. Ah! I see—very short breath—finds it difficult to stand. My dear Lady Potts, if this dog is not attended to she will die!"

"Oh, Mr. Pans. Poor Flora! what shall I do?"

"Well, I think I could save her if she were left entirely in my hands; but, above all things, no one must feed her but myself."

"Thank you, dear Mr. Pans; I will give directions. Oh, I shall be ever grateful to you if you should prove the blessed instrument of restoring my sweet doggy to health again!"

Sarah now woke up and joined us, and we had tea, and conversed on a variety of interesting topics; such as the antiquity of the Montgomery family, the general decay of old county families, and the sad prevalence of "new men;" the selfishness and ingratitude of the lower classes generally, and the immoral tendency of any efforts to do any thing for them: in short, I exerted myself to the utmost of my power to tickle my lady's vanity and self-complacency, and to make her sensible that, while society owed numberless duties toward her, she owed none to society: I flatter myself I made a considerable impression.

Lady Potts went to the other end of the room for some work, and I whispered to Sarah: "Will that do?"

"Ah, you dreadful hypocrite; it is quite shocking! I shall never know when to believe you in earnest," she replied, looking half-frightened, half-amused.

"It is very unpleasant. Nothing but the hope of winning you could make me stoop to such a course of proceeding."

"Oh yes; I know it was necessary: indeed, it was I who advised it. But whatever my uncle and aunt's foibles, and however they behave to others, they are most kind to me, and it pains me to see their weak points so drawn out."

The Colonel came in yawning, had a cup of tea, and then told me to get the backgammon-board and play a hit with him; which I did, playing as badly as possible, and never taking him up but once, when I could not help it: on which occasion he got into so violent a passion that I was glad of my previous forbearance; but as I managed to let him gammon me that very game, he soon recovered his, what-I-suppose-he-called good-humor.

Soon the sounds of the bugle were once more heard in the hall.

"There is half past ten!" cried Sir George. "Good-night, Mr. Pans. Now go to your bedroom. If you want to read, you will find plenty of books, papers, magazines, etc., in the library; and if you wish to smoke, you may."

Dressing-gowned, slippered, cigared, and easy-chaired, I was reposing after my labors, dangers, and sufferings, when there came a knock at the door.

"Who is there?"

"Orders, Sir."

"Orders! What is that? Come in."

A man-servant entered with a book bound in red, and having a brazen clasp, which he opened, and pointed out to me a particular page, from which I read:

"Montgomery Hall, *August*, 31, 18—.

"Mr. Pans of Lincolnshire, gent., arrived here this day on a visit.—The family will assemble for breakfast to-morrow morning at 8 A.M., in the library.—Colonel Sir George Potts and Mr. Pans will go out shooting at 9.30, lunching at Batt's Copse at 1, and returning to dinner at 5.30 P.M.—Miss Potts will ride Mabel at 2 P.M. to-morrow, William attending her on Merriman.—The cook will attend Colonel Sir George Potts in his study immediately after breakfast.—Lady Potts's spaniel Flora is placed under the care of Mr. Pans until further orders."

There were several other directions to different servants concerning their duties, past, present, or to come; but nothing more affecting myself, so I shut the book, and handed it to the servant, who said: "Lady Potts wishes to know whether you want her brought here, Sir."

"Brought here! Lady Potts! Good Heavens! Oh, ah—the spaniel! No, no; let her be taken to the stables. My compliments to Lady Potts, and the smell of horses is part of my system."

I fancy I detected the ghost of a grin on the man's face as he quitted the room, leaving me oppressed with one fearful fact—breakfast at eight! It hardly seemed worth while to go to bed at all if one was expected to rouse up in the dead of night like that; why, one would have to get up at seven!

However, I considered that other people had done such things, and that what man had done man could do again; so I turned in. But my sleep was restless and broken, haunted as I was by the idea of having to get up at a stated time; I kept dreaming I was late for breakfast, starting up in a fright, and sinking to sleep again.

Waking after the soundest of these naps, I found daylight streaming in through the window, and leaped out of bed, and into my bath in great alarm, not doubting that I had overslept myself. It was only while toweling my back that I glanced at my watch, and discovered that it was but six o'clock. However, I was wide awake; there was no use in turning in again, so I made up my mind to devote an hour before breakfast to Miss Flora: when I had done dressing, I went down to the stables, meeting on my way the man who had brought me the order-book the night before, carrying up my boots and hot water, who told me that I should find the dog in the loose box dedicated to Lady Potts's mare. That highly favored animal was undergoing the morning operation of grooming with great patience and equanimity.

"Fine morning," said I to the groom, who was emitting that peculiar sibilation common to stablemen, and which must be so galling to the horses at Astley's if they partake of the sensibilities of biped actors.

"Tis-s-s-s-s—is-s-s-s—tis-s-s-s. Ees, Sir, tis-s-s-s."

"Leave off hissing, my lad, and listen to me for a moment, will you? Your lady wants that dog to get well; you know what is the matter with it."

"Ees."

"Then you know it only wants less victuals, and more running about."

"Ees."

"Well, then, can you keep your mouth shut?"

"Ees" (a broad grin).

"Then here is half a sovereign for you."

"Thankee, Sir" (a broader).

"Don't you give her any thing to eat to-day, and whenever you come into the stable, make her move about. I will take her for a walk now. Have you got a collar and a piece of string?"

He soon produced those articles, also a bit of soap.

"A good idea," said I; and in spite of the tears and supplications of the patient, we administered a saponaceous pill. I then took the fair Flora in my arms, and carried her tenderly through the shrubbery, till we were out of sight of the house, when I put her down, and adjusting the collar and string, invited her to take a waddle; as she declined, I gave the string a pull, but without effect: she did not mind hanging, it was exertion she objected to. So remembering that persuasion is better than force, I drew a whip from the pocket of my shooting-jacket. Let us draw a vail over the scene. Suffice it, that when she had taken a proper amount of exercise, I took off her collar, and carried her back to the stable.

"I saw you from my window carrying Flora for a walk this morning; how kind of you!" said Lady Potts as I entered the breakfast-room at two minutes before eight, and her eyes were more eloquent than her lips.

Punctually at the appointed minute Colonel Potts, myself, a game-keeper, and four dogs started off under a blazing sun for the nearest stubble-field, which we traversed, I on the right, Sir George on the left, the game-keeper in rear, and the dogs scouring before us; but as there were no birds, we arrived at the other end guiltless of blood. Directly we entered the second field, however, which was also stubble, a dog on the right, that is, immediately in front of me, made a dead point. Cocking both locks, I was advancing cautiously, when I heard hasty footsteps, a panting and puffing, and finally, words spoken in a loud whisper.

"Stop, stop—you, stop!" So I stopped, and the Colonel advanced in front of me. It was very trying, but Sarah must not be lost for a shot. Up got the covey; bang, bang, went Sir George, visibly a yard above them.

"Mark them, Thomas; I am sure that old one is hit hard!"

If this was the case, the "old one" took his punishment like a hero, for he certainly showed no signs of it as he skimmed away with his spouse and family.

"I always miss my first shot," growled the Colonel, as he reloaded.

The next point was on his beat fairly enough. Again the covey rose; again he blazed away with both barrels harmlessly. Two of the birds, however, who were lazy or greedy, or weak on the wing, delayed getting up with the rest, from whom they had strayed considerably to the right, and were now frightened up by the report. I am only a middling shot; but they were so young, and flew so slowly, that I knocked them both over.

"Hang you, what did you fire at my wounded birds for?" screamed Sir George, foaming with rage.

"Your wounded birds, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir, my wounded birds! As neat a shot as ever I made in my life—one to each barrel. You could not beat that yourself, Thomas—eh?"

"It was a fair shot, your honor."

"Do you hear that, Sir?" Do you hear what the game-keeper says? You are a jealous shot, Sir; and I hate a jealous shot like the blank."

"But, Sir George," I expostulated, "you mistake; I thought the rest of the covey were within range, and fired at *them*."

"Then you own those to be my birds?"

"Certainly."

"Oh, ah, hum! Pick them up, Thomas."

Thomas was very busy lacing one of his boots; when he rose, his face was crimson—from stooping, I suppose.

Next shot he had, the Colonel really did hit a bird, which put him in such good-humor that he did not claim the next I bagged; and so we went on till luncheon, the birds being so plentiful, tame, and weak on the wing, that we made a pretty fair bag—the Colonel hitting about twice out of every five times, and I managing to palm some of my victims off as his.

In the afternoon I had better sport, for the coveys being now scattered, the shots became more frequent, while the Colonel, upon whom the sun and bottled porter had taken effect, was less ardent than he had been in the morning. Indeed, at last, he declared himself "done;" and flinging himself down by the side of a spring which bubbled up in the centre of a nice shady dell, he lit a cheroot, and bade me go on alone with the game-keeper; when it was time to go home, we found him in the same place, fast asleep.

After dinner that evening I discovered that Lady Potts had a weakness for table-turning; and I pushed first a hat, and then a small table, round and round, with my thumbs and fore-fingers—in conjunction with hers and Sarah's—professing all the while intense astonishment at the rotatory motion assumed by those articles, and grew in my hostess's grace perceptibly. Next morning I again rose early, again treated Flora to a little gentle exercise on an empty stomach, and again went out shooting with the Colonel.

This time I kept close to him all day, and whenever an occasion offered fired simultaneously, and vowed that he had hit, and I had missed, for that I had seen the bird I aimed at fly away; this I did with expressions of vexation and impatience, which nearly threw poor Thomas into an apoplexy with suppressed laughter, while the Colonel positively chuckled with triumphant delight.

So we went on, the old people liking me, and I hating them more and more every day; Sarah growing more and more beautiful and cheerful as cause for anxiety seemed to diminish; and Flora rapidly regaining health and symmetry under a course of biscuit and whip. Indeed, at the end of a week, I allowed an interview between dog and mistress; and so delighted was the lady with the recovery of her favorite, that I obtained that very evening my first earnest of ultimate success.

"I wish to speak to you before you give the orders," said Lady Potts to Sir George, when we broke up for the night; and when the order-book, with the brazen clasp, came round to my bedroom door, I read the following sentence:

"Mr. Pans will attend Miss Sarah Potts in her ride at 2.30 P.M. to-morrow."

Before pheasant-shooting began I returned to London like a good bill, accepted. Ere the last long-tail had fallen my banker's account rose from two figures to four, and I was the blessed proprietor of the angelic being who is now taking such a preposterous time about putting on her— I mean *my* bonnet.

I may be considered as a sort of matrimonial snipe, having got my wife by suction.

Has my moral character suffered, I wonder? I think, perhaps, it would be less unpleasant to pick a pocket or swindle a tradesman than it might have been a year ago; but, in revenge, I am less likely to be tempted to commit such acts; and if I respect myself a little less, all my acquaintances respect me a great deal more.

Why, you may do almost any thing for a large fortune; just as you may commit any crime—from perjury to treason and murder—for a kingdom, and never lose caste. But, then, you must be successful.

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TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER I.

THE RAPE OF THE PEACHES.

"ABEL NEWT, Abel Newt!" cried a loud, sharp voice.

"Abel Newt! Abel Newt!" echoed a chorus of shrill boy voices, "Mr. Gray wants you! Mr. Gray's calling you!"

But Abel Newt, a boy about eighteen years old, although he must have heard the summons, fled like a wild horse across the play-ground, his heavy black hair shaking around his neck, as he ran, like a tangled mane; and while the boys were yet shouting he disappeared into the school-room.

"Golly! how he clips it!" said Little Malacca, looking at him with admiration. Little Malacca was so called because, according to the school tradition, he never had any father or mother, and was born far away in some East Indian region—no particular country, in fact. It was an article of faith at Mr. Gray's that Little Malacca never had any parents, and was born nowhere.

The older boys had the privilege of the school-room during play-hours, and used it as a kind of club-room. It was serviceable to them in many ways.

As now, for instance, to Abel Newt. For as he entered, puffing, panting, entirely blown, and red, and hot, with his trowsers' pockets distended almost to bursting with some mysterious contents, and his face smooth with intense anxiety, like the faces of smugglers who hear the coast-guard at the same moment that their keel grazes the beach, and are doubtful whether they shall gain a prize or lose their lives—he swept the school-room with a glance—saw that he was alone—and hurrying to his desk, lifted the lid, emptied his pockets into that charitable retreat, confiding to it at least a dozen pulpy, delicious peaches.

He then as rapidly refilled his pockets with sundry articles that distended them as before, and had scarcely closed the lid, locked it, and bent over the desk with a book, in an attitude of placid reading or study, than Little Malacca burst into the room, and standing at the door, with eyes as round and swollen as Abel's pockets, ejaculated, spasmodically, out of breath:

"Oh, Jiminy! how you did cut it! But it's no use! Won't you catch it, Abel Newt! Mr. Gray's calling—Mr. Gray wants you, Abel Newt!"

"*Me!*" said Abel, looking up quietly. "Mr. Gray want *me?* What's the matter?"

As he spoke he rose from his desk with a perfectly calm face; but as his pockets lifted themselves above the horizon of the lid, and came in view of Little Malacca, that small boy's imagination instantly teemed with fearful apprehensions. He only shouted:

"Oh! oh! oh! what pockets!"

He then turned and disappeared, while Abel Newt, taking his book under his arm—it was the "History of England," a text-book of his class, from which they had recited that morning—transported those prodigious pockets into the play-ground.

All games were suspended, and the boys were gathered in groups waiting for the delinquent to appear. Mr. Gray stood at the door of his study, with that kind of nervous complacency with which we may imagine the headsman passes his finger along the edge of the axe when he descries the fatal procession approaching.

"Come here, Abel!" said he, in the cajoling cadence with which the spider invited the fly to walk into his parlor. "And all boys to Mr. Gray's platform!" cried he, in a louder voice; upon which the crowd of Abel's school-mates thronged around him, and all moved toward the master.

There was a wooden floor before the outer door of Mr. Gray's study which was sacred to his individual feet. A Mohammedan devotee would as soon have stepped in his slippers upon the holy ground of the temple as any boy at Mr. Gray's have put foot upon that platform—as it was called—without permission. The good boys used to shudder when a new scholar, not yet versed in the laws of the school, trod as thoughtlessly upon those consecrated boards as if they had been ordinary timber. But it was a sin of ignorance, they remembered, not a wanton profanation.

The master stood upon this dais as the boys came up. When Abel Newt approached, Mr. Gray moved his head slightly from side to side, rolling his neck in his white cravat, which he wore without a collar, as if he tasted something uncommonly unctuous and pleasant, and were wriggling his throat to make it longer, and taste the sweet morsel all the way down.

The younger scholars clustered timidly upon the edges of the throng, but the older boys, the aristocracy of the school, stood forward along the front of the platform, to support Abel, like peers at the trial of a peer.

"Well, Abel!" began Mr. Gray, with the soft suavity of a fat cat which has made a circle with its paws around the mouse. He stopped when he had said so much, and beamed upon the culprit as if to paralyze him with the full perception of the horror of his situation.

"Well, Sir," replied Abel, quietly.

"Ah! Brave boy, Abel," continued the master, "yes, you are very brave; but what do you think your poor mother would say?" and there was a slight snivel in Mr. Gray's tone; a raw recruit of a snivel doing duty for a sympathetic sigh.

"Say to what, Sir?" asked Abel, with a little too much innocence.

Mr. Gray stepped into the house, and instantly returned with a chair, in which he seated himself as if this interview promised to be very long and lickersome. Then crossing his right leg over the left, he swung the black-gaitered shoe slowly, as he resumed:

"How little I thought, Abel, when your dear mother (snivel obligato) brought you to this school and left you in my charge and Mrs. Gray's, and bade you be a good boy, and then kissed you and went away crying—"

Here Mr. Gray winked rapidly as if his eyes were blurred with moisture.

"Boo, hoo!" burst out Little Malacca.

"Tears understood," whispered Tom Galt, one of the older boys fresh from his Latin Grammar, to Green Muddock who stood beside him, both narrowly watching Mr. Gray. But Muddock did not take. He never could understand things that were to be understood either in construing Latin books or American life. He always asked why the Romans did not say what they meant and not leave it to be understood; and why, in general, people in old times could not have spoken English, and have so saved much useless study.

Clearing his throat, as if the tears had trickled into his windpipe, Mr. Gray proceeded:

"How little I thought that we should ever come to this! Do you remember, Abel, how, that very day after dinner, you and Green Muddock straddled one of the benches in the dining-room with a custard between you on the bench, and how you both took turns at it with a spoon—and how you, Abel, took what Green called 'such everlasting great mouthfuls' that he did not get his share, and you said that you didn't know any thing about his share, but that you loved custard—do you remember, Abel?"

"Yes, Sir," answered the boy, with obdurate calmness.

Mr. Gray looked at Abel and blew his nose.

ABEL'S FLIGHT.

"Abel, do you remember the picture of the Idle Apprentice that we were all looking at the other evening?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How he gambled on Sundays on the tombstones—how dreadfully he swore, and told lies, and played truant, and—and—and—stole fruit?"

"No, Sir," replied Abel, with candor; "I don't remember about his stealing fruit."

Mr. Gray moved, changed his legs, putting the left over the right, waggled his foot, and smoothed his shaved chin with his hand.

"Why, Abel, don't you know that a boy who would lie would also swear, and play cards on Sundays, and idle away his time, and steal fruit?"

"No, Sir, I don't. Green Muddock tells lies, but I never heard him swear; he hasn't spunk enough."

A profound sensation thrilled the crowd of boys at these words. There was even a faint shout at the extremity of the group from some of the smaller scholars, who saw that Muddock could not detect them.

"Abel Newt," said Mr. Gray, "I am afraid you are a bad boy. I pity your dear mother; but it is necessary that there should be examples. Step up on the platform, Abel."

Newt obeyed.

"Now turn round and face the boys."

Newt turned.

"Boys," began Mr. Gray, "you know that the peach orchard is beyond the barn, where nobody can watch it, and I have left it always to be guarded by your honor."

He paused, and surveyed the silent young faces before him.

"Yes, I left it to your honor. I said to myself, and I always said to Mr. Jowlson when I met him in town, 'I leave my peaches to be protected by the honor of the boys; and, Mr. Jowlson, the honor of Mr. Gray's boys is the surest watch-dog in the State.'"

He looked around again, with a beaming expression, as if he wished to underscore that happy remark with a line of expressive silence.

Now boys are no more surprised by brilliancy and poetry and fine similes and happy remarks than they are by roses in June or chestnuts in October. But it was a great while since Mr. Gray was a boy; and a man may live among boys a long time and never know them, as the crow dwelt in the rose-tree with the nightingales but never learned to sing.

And yet—and yet—sometimes when the thorn pierced a songster into an ecstasy of melodious woe, who shall say that the cawing stranger had no vague, aching, longing remembrance of that golden age—was it a hope or a memory?—before crows were black and had lost their voices!

"Now all those who think that the honor of Mr. Gray's boys is the surest watch-dog in the State will hold up their right hands."

All the hands were raised.

"Very well," continued the master, "as I was standing at this door a little while ago, I thought I saw a boy come out of the peach-orchard. As I watched him I saw his pockets were both stuffed with something."

The eyes of the whole school were immediately fastened upon the enormous, uncomfortable-looking pockets of Abel Newt, who stood like a premature alderman with an abnormal development, his fat things seeming all to have gone into his thighs instead of his stomach, which was at that moment the most humble and retiring part of his body. But his pockets were sadly and suspiciously knobby for those of a boy who had been caught making a rapid exit from a peach-orchard.

"Boys, I could not believe my eyes when I saw who it was. I thought of his poor mother, and I called to him to come to me. At the same moment he started and ran for the school-room. You heard me call, and shouted after him. He ran on as if he did not hear. All those boys who think that Abel Newt heard me call him, or heard you call him, will hold up their right hands!"

It was a dreadful moment. The whole school was assembled, and Abel could see every boy in the crowd, and might possibly remember the way each voted upon this tremendous question. One hand was instantly raised, and only one. It was Green Muddock's.

Abel Newt looked at the hand and its owner without the least betrayal of emotion. But as his eye moved slowly over the throng it rested upon a boyish face, looking at him wistfully, and as the eyes of the two met, another hand rose slowly, as if reluctantly but irresistibly, under that glance; and at the same moment a voice was heard, as if in reply to some question that Newt had asked, although he had not spoken:

"Abel, I am very sorry; but I do think you heard us calling."

Abel Newt looked quietly away, and the hand of Gabriel Bennet, a boy of about fifteen, and one of the youngest scholars, remained lifted with that of Green Muddock, one of the oldest. But they were the only ones.

Mr. Gray's left foot in the black gaiter waggled faster than ever. His neck rolled luxuriously in the white cravat, as if something were tasting very sweet indeed.

"All those boys who think that Abel Newt did not hear that he was called will hold up their right hands!"

Not a single hand was raised. Abel looked at the boys and they at him. The gaitered foot waggled; and the accusing pockets of the culprit seemed to grow more apoplectic every moment. Mr. Gray scratched his face gently with his forefinger and smiled. He did not scratch as if to allay an irritation, but with that composure of profound confidence with which an advocate famous for cross-examination accosts a witness whom his manner informs that, however unwilling he may be, and however he may squirm or hold his tongue, the truth will be as surely extracted by the questions as a cork from a bottle by the patent lever cork-screw.

"Now, then," said Mr. Gray, "all those boys who think they would have heard if they had been in Abel Newt's place will hold up their right hands!"

All the hands went up.

"Yes—I see!" said Mr. Gray, chuckling pleasantly.

"Now, boys, if you think you would have heard, don't you think Abel must have heard?" asked he, in a coaxing tone.

THE TORTURE.

There was no reply.

"Abel," said Mr. Gray, after a pause, "you see the boys are too generous to accuse you. But you are not a child; and you know that I am perfectly well aware that you heard me call. Of the enormity of your offense I say nothing. The boy that would steal an apple or a peach would cut his father's throat, and would probably end his wretched life upon the gallows. I do not envy the feelings of a boy in your situation, with your pockets stuffed with ill-gotten gain, which never prospers. No, Abel; I do not envy you!" continued Mr. Gray, in full snivel, pulling out a huge red bandana handkerchief and waving it about his face in a swabbing manner, as if he perspired tears at every pore of his countenance—"I do not envy your feelings at this moment; but I think of your poor, poor mother!" and he stopped, apparently overwhelmed with emotion, and retired behind the bandana.

Some of the smaller boys were touched. "Poor Mr. Gray!" they said.

"No, no. Poor mother!" said Tom Galt; "poor Mrs. Newt!" and Tom winked, in flagrant and reprehensible imitation of Mr. Gray in the more pathetic moments of his appeals.

"And the poor aunts!" said Green Muddock.

"And the poor female first cousins under twenty, pretty in the face and of promising expectations, to whom I dedicate this tear!" continued the reckless Thomas Galt, in a lachrymose manner.

"How the old rascal enjoys it!" whispered Gyles Blanding, who stood with Galt and Muddock, and was, like them, among the older boys.

Mr. Gray had meanwhile performed the lachrymal rites to the remembrance of Abel's poor mother, and had put his handkerchief in his pocket. Then, with feline suavity, he said to the culprit:

"Abel, why did you take my peaches?"

"I have not taken your peaches, Sir."

Oh—such pockets! They seemed positively bloated with crime!

The smaller boys were aghast.

"Good pluck, I swear!" whispered Blanding.

"Oh, golly! golly! look at those pockets!" cried Little Malacca.

Mr. Gray was not dismayed. He was an epicure in scenes of this kind, and delighted to prolong and elaborate the enjoyment of exposure.

"You have not taken my peaches?"

"No, Sir."

"Well, Abel, what makes your pockets stick out so? What have you in your pockets?"

The legs were crossed again; a triumphant waggling commenced; and a thrill of horror pervaded the group of smaller boys.

"Well, Sir," replied Abel, with entire unconcern, "I have a large pocket-handkerchief, and two or three tops, and two or three balls, and a jack-knife, and a piece of wood out of which I'm going to carve a boat, and some twine, and paper, and things. I've got a good many things in my pockets."

It was an audacity unparalleled in Mr. Gray's experience, but his interest increased every moment.

"Paper and things in his pocket! Oh dear! Think of his poor mother!" whispered Tom Galt, ruefully.

"Boys," said Mr. Gray, "do Mr. Gray's boys, whose honor is the best watch-dog in the State, laugh at this shameful falsehood which Abel so unblushingly tells?"

"It is no falsehood, Sir," struck in the criminal.

Mr. Gray flushed at this audacious reply.

"Are all the boys looking?" cried he, as he rose from his chair absorbed in the interest of the catastrophe. "Can all the smaller boys see? Gabriel Bennet, can you see?"

"No, Sir," replied a low voice from behind.

"Come in front, then. Here, Tom, put Gabriel by you—"

"No, Sir, I'd rather not," said the voice behind; "I don't want to see."

"Don't want to see?" Mr. Gray was as much confounded by this reply as a parental spider would be to hear spiderling decline a choice bit of a fat bluebottle that had strayed into the web. Don't you love bluebottle? was the question he would have asked if he had been a spider.

"Now, then, Abel Newt, take those things out of your pocket!"

Abel laid down the book which all this time he had held under his arm, put his right hand into his trowsers, and drew out a large humming-top and handle, two peg-tops, a roll of paper, and three India-rubber balls.

"That's all in this pocket, Sir."

"Come here, Abel," said Mr. Gray, in profound astonishment.

The boy walked up to him, and Mr. Gray felt of the pocket. It had evidently disgorged all its contents.

"What's in the other pocket, Sir? Come, let's see!"

Abel, with the same tranquillity, reduced the swelling of his trowsers on that side by taking out a huge block of wood, a jack-knife, a ball of twine, and a bandana of the same proportions as Mr. Gray's, with more paper, a top, and a ball.

"That's all, Sir."

Mr. Gray was confounded, for that *was* all, and what was a schoolmaster to do? The boys had been assembled to witness the accusation, the proof, and the punishment of a culprit. The judge had played with his victim; had entangled him, as it seemed, more and more inextricably; had punished him a little in advance of his conviction by exposing him upon the scaffold to the public gaze, and the very crowning proof of his guilt which, by an arrangement of exquisite art, the criminal was himself to produce, was the crowning proof of his innocence.

Mr. Gray saw the danger of his own position in a moment. That he should have summoned all his boys to witness his own disgrace upon his own platform, and that he himself should have painfully elaborated it, was a consideration almost involving the prosperity of the school. Could he survive the ridicule? Would not the boys, those most remorseless of jokers, pass the tradition on from year to year, until he should be obliged to succumb?

It was a crisis. But he was resolved to conquer it and turn it to his own advantage. So putting on the sweetest smile—the smile with which he assured every parent that the boys in his care were "Charming boys, my dear Sir, charming boys!"—he beamed upon the group, and putting out his hand to Abel, said,

"Boys, the next best thing to making no mistake at all is to confess one when made. I thought Abel had taken my peaches. But I was mistaken. How glad I am that I was so! Abel, here is my hand. I trust we shall always be friends."

But Abel did not take the offered hand, which Mr. Gray withdrew in an embarrassed manner.

"Mr. Gray," began Abel, while the boys looked on in perplexed wonder, "I can not so easily forget that you have accused me of stealing! *Me*, Mr. Gray, one of the oldest boys in school—me, who have always been trying to be a good boy and set a proper example—me," Abel continued, drawing out the huge handkerchief, which had been replaced, catching his breath and rubbing his eyes hard—"me, whose poor mother put him in your charge" (mopping his eyes)—"me, who straddled the dining-room bench and ate everlasting great pieces of custard! Oh dear!"—and here Abel covered his eyes, while Mr. Gray stood pilloried upon his own platform before his own boys. "Oh, Sir! I knew that a boy who would steal peaches would cut his father's throat; and did you, my beloved master, think that I, one of your oldest boys, would murder my own father? Oh! what would my poor mother say to *that?*"

The smaller boys did not quite understand the present aspect of the scene. The older boys did not dare to show how well they understood it.

"Do you remember, in our lesson this morning, Sir, where it tells about the execution of Lord Strafford?" As he spoke, Abel picked up the history from the platform, and opened it. "Here it is, Sir. When he heard that King Charles had signed the warrant for his execution, he said—and oh! Sir, how beautiful it is, as you remarked—'Put not your trust in princes!' I feel like Lord Strafford, Mr. Gray; I feel as if I could say—" and here Abel demonstrated with his handkerchief—"put not your trust in schoolmasters!"

"Guy! how slick he reels it off!" cried Little Malacca, as Abel stopped and sank into Mr. Gray's chair, covering his face, and leaving that gentleman opening and closing his hands very swiftly—a movement which he varied by rubbing his trowsers and twitching them, smiling in a sickly, spasmodic manner, and swallowing at intervals rapidly, as if this time he had no desire to prolong the taste.

After a minute or two Abel removed the handkerchief, and his eyes met those of Mr. Gray. There was no insult in the look of the one, no reproof in that of the other. Mr. Gray had a confused feeling that there was nothing for him to do. The crisis had perhaps gone against him. But would you have a man turn his customers out of doors? He had an honest living to get. Boys will be boys. Schoolmasters may make mistakes. Besides, what if your older boys have never really had any respect for you—not because you are a bad man, but only vain and foolish, and therefore hypocritical? Having made a mistake, and your apology not having been accepted, what can you do but retire?

"There, boys," said Mr. Gray, cheerfully. "Now you can go. We are all charmed to find that Abel is not guilty, you know; and in honor of his triumphant acquittal, we will have a half holiday to-morrow."

The boys huzzaed faintly, and Mr. Gray went into the house. The crowd remained as before, and Abel sat looking at them with the same grave face that he had maintained throughout the whole scene, until time enough had been allowed Mr. Gray to get out of hearing. Then raising his handkerchief and waving it like a banner of victory, he leered at the boys, and settled his neck in his cravat with so droll an imitation of Mr. Gray's manner that they greeted it with a shout of applause. Smoothing his face, Abel then rose and said:

"Well, boys, the fun's over for to-day."

The younger scholars withdrew slowly, but Muddock, Blanding, Tom Galt, and the older scholars surrounded Abel as he stepped off the platform.

"Green," said he, turning to Muddock, "you don't think I really meant to say you had no spunk, do you? I only said it to old Gray, so that when you miss in the Latin Grammar he may have some excuse for you, you know; for a man can't help being what he is, any more than he can help having blue eyes or black hair. Can he, Tom?"

"Certainly not," replied Tom.

"Oh no. I understood you, Abel," replied Muddock, totally bewildered. "But I was a little angry, and so I held up my hand."

"Of course, that's all right. And the other hand was that Gabriel Bennet's, wasn't it? Come boys, now we'll go into the school-room and eat those peaches."

"Why, did you steal the peaches, after all?" asked Muddock.

"Thou varlet!" cried Abel Newt, turning upon him with an air of heroic dignity, "choose thy words! Did Jason *steal* the golden fleece? Nay, 'twas a deed of high emprize. Go to! go to! But despite thy asinine incredulity, thou shalt have a share of the wool to adorn thy natural sheepskin. Thou shalt have a ripe peach, Green Muddock!"

The sun was setting as they passed toward the school-room. The soft summer air was full of sweetness. The roses hung over the garden fence. There was a twittering of birds somewhere—a whirr of wings sometimes—the cheery call of the younger boys at play in the distance—the murmur of universal life.

Abel and his companions stood for a few moments in the door-way, talking and laughing. As they entered the sun set, and Abel Newt was saying:

"I have two little accounts to settle; one with the oldest and the other with about the youngest person in this school."

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The Carnival—Countess Walewski's Bal Costumé—The Empress en Domino—The Belle of the Ball—American Guests—The Imperial Mask Ball—Chariots of Flowers—Count de Choiseul en Femme—Ash-Wednesday at the Chapel of the Rue de la Madeleine—Concerts and Dinners—The Bois de Boulogne—The Prince Imperial—War Prospects—The Princess Clotilde, etc., etc.

PARIS, *March* 9, 1859.

IT is well that we have entered upon this quiet season of Lent before the day came round for my weekly letter, for I do not think I could have written coherently in the midst of the maddening noises of the last three days of the Carnival. The weather was so fine that that alone would have sufficed to bring this sunshine-loving population into the streets. To this was added the leisure of the fêtes—all the schools having holidays—and, again, the irresistible fascinations of the "Bœuf Gras" and his noisy company. But most annoying of all, those who are inclined—and they were numerous—are allowed by the police to indulge in an incessant *blowing of horns* on these days; and these unusual contributions to the daily hubbub of Paris so aggravated its intensity that I own my nerves were quite upset, and I was obliged to seek relief from this din of life in the remotest corners of the Bois de Boulogne, and to renew there the strength which hot and crowded *salons*, night after night, seems so utterly to exhaust.

Splendid and numerous have been the fêtes of these last days; but I shall only attempt a description of two of these—the *bal costumé* at Count Walewski's on Saturday, and the one at the Tuileries on the Monday. Count Walewski, as your readers probably know, is a son of the first Napoleon, and was in his youth very good-looking. He is married to a pretty Florentine lady, who strangely enough, by the same sort of left-handed process which allies her husband with the Bonaparte family, is herself descended from the illustrious Poniatowski. Count Walewski inhabits the superb Palace of the Foreign Affairs (of which he is the Minister), and which is unrivaled in the admirable adaptation of its apartments, expressly for this giving of fêtes. The rooms are too large to be crowded, and gave ample space for the due display of the beautiful costumes and their lovely and distinguished wearers. There was something piquant, too, in the knowledge that the imperial party were present, though in the strictest disguise of mask and domino; but as these were numerous, of course, every time that a gracefully worn domino approached one of the masculine gender, and its fair wearer condescended to speak to him, his heart flittered and fluttered with the suspicion that he was receiving the notice of imperial beauty; and all the belles, marquises, and pretty flower-girls, whose looking-glass and admiring friends had assured them "they were charming" before leaving home, fancied they could trace in every mask that addressed them the apropos and insinuating eloquence of the Emperor himself, who is said to have a wondrous talent for flattering and pleasing women.

The hostess, the Countess Walewski, looked well in a fanciful costume as Queen of the Summer Night. A beautiful girl, Mademoiselle L——, was charming as a gipsy. Nor must I forget to record the devotion to strictness of costume of a young *paysanne*, who carried a pat of butter upon her head the whole evening. But the loveliest of all the lovely there was a beauty hitherto unseen in official circles—the youngest of the Countesses de Pourtalis, all so renowned for their beauty. This lady, who is very young and very fair, with large, soft blue eyes, was dressed as "a bride of the time of Louis XV.," all in white; her dress looped up and trimmed with bouquets of orange-blossoms; her hair powdered and turned off the face with a little coiffe of lace; and a white loup, or mask. The Empress was so charmed with this sister beauty that, after talking with and intriguing her for a long time, she could not resist giving her, on the spot, an earnest invitation to her own ball for the Monday, which was accepted as a command, though—as a stranger—the young Countess had not yet been presented to their Majesties.

There were several Americans present upon this occasion; among them, Mrs. E——a R——s, admirably dressed and powdered *en Marquise*. This lady is well made, and her dress displayed to advantage her rounded form and graceful bearing. With the men I shall not trouble myself or you, though there were many perfectly got up and very fine specimens of their different nationalities. I was not willing to release myself from the fascinations of this ball until six o'clock in the morning; for it was so perfect in all its details that it had all the charm of poetic illusion. Here there were plenty of new dresses, and worn by those "to the manner bred." There was no crowd, or heat, or dust to mar the freshness of fair faces and fairy costumes; and when I left at last, and found myself in the clear, cool air of a spring morning, I was much too wrought up to think of fatigue or to wish for sleep, and rather sorrowful at the passing away of a pageant so admirable.

But Monday comes, and carriages are again wheeling the privileged, and this time into the acknowledged presence of royalty. There is the Empress, in a magnificent dress of the Louis Quinze epoch, a brocade on a black ground, powdered with an aigrette of diamonds, and a scarlet feather, and the hair turned off of the sweet face. The Empress is, by the admission of all, the prettiest woman of her ball, and with a figure whose exquisite proportions seem unlike any thing else of mortal mould; and though crinoline (which she is said to have first introduced) may add something to the stateliness of this imperial lady's appearance, one feels that that swan-like neck and its graceful movements are "true Castilian bred, Sir," or rather that potent gift of beauty which can never be without its importance in this world of ours.

The event of the evening was the arrival of a car, covered with grass and flowers, and with gilded wheels, in which were seated six of the prettiest ladies of the court, dressed as "Flowers," and themselves throwing bouquets. There was also the Queens of the Butterflies and the Wasps, and these were drawn in by six gentlemen, supposed to represent "Flies," or other winged insects. The ladies alighted, courtesied to the Empress, and danced a quadrille, with various new and intricate steps and figures.

Another amusing incident was the successful disguise of the young Count de Choiseul, *en femme*, with a pretty pink domino, diamonds, powder, and one fair curl escaping, as it were, from beneath his mask. He succeeded perfectly in intriguing, and, they say, charming the Emperor himself, as he is slight and small of stature, with little feet and a little voice; and when, at three o'clock, he took off his mask and bowed to the Empress, every body laughed aloud, and acknowledged themselves to have been perfectly deceived.

But enough of these balls; suffice it that this lasted until morning, like its predecessor, and was altogether the most renowned, and fanciful, and complete of these Carnival revels. There were again no end of balls for Mardi-gras, but they were mostly for young persons, and terminating at midnight, when the solemnities of Ash-Wednesday are supposed to begin. These were duly observed by your correspondent yesterday, according to the imposing ritual for that day of the English Church. The chapel in the Rue de la Madeleine was crowded on this occasion, but with as many Americans as English; and we had a remarkable sermon from the eloquent Rev. Mr. Gurney, the most gifted extempore preacher I ever listened to.

But do not think, because Lent has begun, that the votaries of fashion and of the world will relax in their amusements. The only change will be the substitution of late and crowded concerts for late and crowded balls and dinners, where, if the company is mixed of Catholics and Protestants, there will be presented *four* courses for the one and four for the other, which woefully tends to lengthen out the time spent at table.

But it is the Bois de Boulogne which offers the greatest attraction in this fine spring weather, and for strangers who have not time for society, a sure way of seeing the eminent personages of the land without trouble, from the Emperor driving himself in his phaeton—the Empress sweetly smiling and bowing from her open barouche, down to the closed coach of the little Prince and its imposing military escort. He is a fine child, and a pretty boy, and one hopes he will live to comfort his gentle mother, if adversity should come near her, and any of the chances and changes with which high position is environed should deprive its present possessors of the supreme power in this country.

The political atmosphere continues gloomy and discouraging. In spite of assurances, the duration of peace can not be sufficiently accepted as a fact for it to allay apprehension and relieve the pressure of uncertainty upon all commercial enterprise. The Sardinians say "they will *not* be duped—that they will not have given their Princess and raised the hopes of Italy and then be prevented from action;" and it is supposed that, though the Emperor has given way for the time, and seemed to rebuke his cousin Napoleon's military zeal and ambitious projects, he in secret shares his wishes, and that there is a perfect understanding between them—that their execution is to be only deferred, not abandoned.

One hears very little of the little bride. She is seldom seen with her husband the Prince, and it is said she is mournful, and resigned to play her part in the pageant, like one who has no hope or interest in any thing around. There is a deep feeling of compassion for her. Adieu, and *au revoir*.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

☞ Many communications are unavoidably laid over from want of space.

CULTURE OF THE VINE.

THE culture of the vine is rapidly increasing in America. Eight years ago, when grape culture was comparatively in its infancy, there were upward of eight hundred acres of vineyards, not including vines too young to bear, within a circle of twenty miles around Cincinnati. Year before last we attended a meeting of the grape-growers and wine-makers of Ohio in Cincinnati, where we had the pleasure of meeting many of the most famous cultivators of this country, including French, Germans, Italians, and Americans. Notwithstanding the attention now being paid to the culture of the grape in this country the importation of wines from foreign nations is very large. The quality of our native wines is rapidly improving. There are some made in Ohio and elsewhere equal in quality to a few of the best, and superior to many now imported. The wine revenue of France, in a good season, has been known to reach $600,000,000. What an impromptu inspiration lurks beneath the Champagne cork! Our soil and climate are admirably adapted to the successful husbandry of the vineyard; for the wild grape may be seen in festoons on our forest trees. Whether the grape shall be grown for its fruit or its wine, we hope that many of the sunny slopes of America may soon vie with the vine-clad hills of Europe.

We read the following letter with interest:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

OSCEOLA, LEWIS COUNTY, N. Y., *March* 15, 1859.

DEAR SIR,—In common with many of your agricultural readers desirous of light in grape culture, I would ask you to be kind enough to let me know, through your Agricultural column of the *Weekly*, how far north in this State can the grape-vine be cultivated with success; and any other information you may think will be instructive to us—such as the kind of soil necessary, the situation, and variety suited for this climate.

Our soil is sandy loam, and makes good grass farms.

Respectfully yours, JOHN FINLEYSON.

Grapes have been successfully grown in almost every part of this State. Special care of course is necessary in unfavorable districts.

The soil of low lands generally abounds too much in vegetable matter and dampness for the best growth of the vine. They are often subject to fogs, which are detrimental to the best results, as the grape delights in a free circulation of pure air. The wine from fruit grown on lowlands is seldom as good as that made from the fruit of more elevated soils. Valleys running east and west are also objectionable, for they are swept by cold, biting blasts. The crest of the mountain, unlike the hill-top, is too much exposed to severe weather. The latter, when its soil is of a friable character, is desirable, if not too much exposed. Select a southern or southeastern aspect so that the vineyard may be protected from cold winds and be exposed to the heat and light of the sun. When sunny slopes are not available, hills, buildings, wood lands, and high lands, are a great protection if north of the vineyard. The proper maturing of the luxurious grape is a very delicate process; it is found to

ripen best between the summits and bases of elevated lands, thus avoiding the chill of the mountain-top, the moisture, fogs, and the excess of vegetable matter in the valleys. Before determining the extent of the vineyard, bear in mind that a dozen well-grown vines are better than a hundred bad ones, which are the inevitable result of the want of good preparation of the soil, propagation from the best cuttings, careful planting, after cultivation, training, pruning, etc.

As the quality of the fruit for wine-making depends so much on the chemical balance of the soil for the requirements of the plant, it will be seen that this feature of the subject is of superlative importance. The choicest wines can not be produced from fruit grown on soil out of balance. That peculiar and delightful aroma of the best fruit is due in no small degree to the exact balance of the soil, its mechanical condition, and the advancement of its elements. This part of the subject involves some of the most beautiful and difficult problems in vegetable physiology and chemical science. The perfume of the flower and its charming colors are not entirely due to its natural place in the vegetable kingdom; for by transplanting it into some soils it loses much of its fragrance and delicacy of its dissolving hues.

Very heavy or very light soils are objectionable; those of an intermediate mechanical condition being the best. Land on which successive crops of clover have been grown, especially if plowed under, are admirably adapted to the culture of the vine. The action of the clover plant on the soil, both as regards mechanical condition, preparation of food, and elements taken from the atmosphere, were so fully spoken of in ou. articles on Wheat as to cause its mention here unnecessary.

Under-draining, trenching, and good fertilization are the best preparation for a vineyard. We would ask attention to our remarks on the subject of *Trenching* in last week's column of "Questions and Answers" in the Weekly Farmer. The soil for a vineyard should be trenched in the fall, so that the frosts of winter may sweeten and render it friable before spring planting. Let the soil when trenching be *inverted*, otherwise the "foot roots" of the vine will not have the best soil for their support. Good trenching is indispensable to great success. The roots which strike so deeply in well-prepared soils can not possibly withstand the injuries of severe drought in such as were cultivated to but shallow depth before the time of planting. Many of the best vineyards of Europe are trenched five feet deep, but the high price of labor in America prevents the most thorough preparation of the soil, especially for fruits and flowers. The ashes of the wood of the common wild grape-vine contain about

20 per cent of Potash,
2 " " Soda,
15 " " Phosphate of Lime,
17 " " Lime,
2 " " Silex.

And the bark contains about

89 per cent of Lime,
14 " " Silex.

These facts will be a guide to the requirements of the plant.

The Isabella and Catawba are the only varieties we would dare to recommend, notwithstanding that many new ones promise well, and are, therefore, claiming much attention. We shall be glad to hear from our correspondents in relation to new varieties. The Isabella is much grown in New York, and the Catawba has become quite a favorite in the West. Mr. Longworth says: "The Catawba will be worth millions to the nation;" and in referring to the production of new varieties remarks: "Yet a better one may be found in our woods, or raised from seed."

Grapes are propagated by layers, buds, seed, grafting, and cuttings. Seeds are sown for the getting of new varieties. Cuttings are better than layers; the roots of the latter are softer, and do not form with great vigor, especially because they depend so much on the mother-plant for nourishment. The top of a layer grows sooner than that of a cutting, and there is a corresponding demand on the roots which lessens their less vigorous development. When layers are separated from the *mother-plant* they lose activity for some time. In our "Hints for the Month" it was stated: Cuttings made in the fall, from the middle of October to the last week in November, are better than those cut in the spring, the latter having been dried by the sun and winds of winter, and are, therefore, not in condition to strike root as readily as those kept plump in damp sand, free from frost, in a cellar. Cuttings should not be taken from unhealthy vines. Let them be from the wood of the previous year of early spring's growth, sound and of compact texture. Older or younger wood should not be used. The smaller the *pith* of the cutting the better. The nearer the joints or buds, especially toward the lower part of the cutting, the better. Many persons prefer putting cuttings out in place, at the regular distances apart for full-grown vines, to using grape roots, because of the check to the growth of the latter when transplanted, and especially if taken from a soil of very fertile character and removed to one not so rich or so much advanced.

Grape cuttings, when planted to form roots before putting them out in their final places, are laid in the soil at an angle of about 35°, in rows eighteen inches apart, and six inches apart in the rows; about fifteen inches of the cuttings are covered with soil, one eye of each being left exposed. Cover the soil between the cuttings an inch deep with tanner's bark. In May water freely.

At a future time, and before our correspondents will be ready to transplant, should the cutting at once not be put in their final places, we shall refer to cultivation of the vineyard, transplanting, training, trimming, skinning, mulching, summer rest, summer treatment, etc.

When shall the language of inspiration be to us a fulfilled prophecy—"The Lord thy God bringeth thee into a land of wheat, and barley, and vines?"

THINGS WISE OR OTHERWISE.

A young man came to a Circuit Judge in South Missouri, and asked to be examined as a candidate for the bar. "What is the first thing to be done in bringing suit in this State?" asked the Judge. "File a petition," said the applicant. "Wrong, Sir," said the Judge. "Find out the facts of my client's case, perhaps," suggested the young limb of the law. "No, Sir," said the Judge. After rolling his eyes about and scratching his head in vain for some time, the young man confessed himself posed. "You are far too green to aspire to practice law, my young friend," said the Judge, very gravely; "for you ought to know that the first thing every lawyer should do, in every case, and every where, is, to find out if his client is good for the fees!"

The intelligence of the American people is beyond that of any other country on this grand terraqueous globe. There can be no doubt of it. We hear of one of the last fall's election in which a candidate for Governor, having been distinguished for his zeal in favor of a revision of the Bible, lost votes, if not his election, by the story getting abroad that if he became Governor he would have the Bible changed! The good people wouldn't stand that, and voted against him.

A few days since an Irish woman, of the "rale ould stock," came to my office, in Elmira, to send a telegraphic dispatch to her husband at Corning, eighteen miles west. She requested her husband to send her "tin dollars immediately." Five minutes after I told her her message was at Corning. "Oh, murther!" said she. She still hung around the office-window, evidently waiting for something, when I interrogated her if she desired any thing further. "No, plase; I'm waiting for the tin dollars." I then asked if she expected the money to come on the telegraph? "Shure, yes, ov coorse; that's what's kaping me here." I explained to her that the money could not come over the wire, and that she should look for it at the post-office. "Och! shure an' I've paid yez for sendin' for the money, an' ov coorse I thought it would cum by the telegraf."

In Middlesex County, Connecticut, there resided a miller by the name of John Ingraham, whose comprehension and historical knowledge was not of the first order, nevertheless John always expressed himself strongly, and when once hold of an idea he was "thar." Soon after the news of General Taylor's brilliant victory at Resaca de la Palma, John was expatiating upon the war, denouncing it as unjust and oppressive. Said he, "So old Taylor has whipped them, has he? It's too bad. I don't blame them Mexicans a bit for fighting our folks. I say let them enjoy their religion, and not send Taylor down there to force ours on 'em."

"Force our religion upon them, John," said one of the listeners; "that's not so."

"I say 'tis so," thundered John; didn't President Polk send a minister there by the name of Slider, or Slidell, to force our religion on 'em, and didn't they send him back?"

"But, John," replied the listener, "Mr. Slidell was an envoy, a Minister of State."

"I say," roared John, "he was a minister, a Presbyterian minister, and I don't blame them for fighting; I would fight if I was they."

The nicety of John's distinction was too much for his auditory, and he was greeted with "three times three and a tiger."

A very neat pun is in the point of the following, which a correspondent sends us:

"A few years since, soon after the revulsion of 1836, a gentleman of this city was sitting, with his youngest daughter by his side, at the breakfast table. Having been obliged to stretch his credit, like others, to an uncomfortable extent, he was musing on the 'ups and downs of life.' Placing his hand on his daughter's shoulder, he says—'One of these days, my dear, when you have grown up, married, and settled down, I will come and live with you, and then, I am sure, every thing will go on like *clock-work*.' 'Yes, father,' she replies, 'I suppose we shall live on *tick*.' A roar of laughter from all sides of the table finished that dialogue."

"How do you do, Mr. Smith?"
"Do *what?*"
"Why, how do you find yourself?"
"I never *lose* myself."
"Well, how have you been?"
"Been—been *where?*"
"Pshaw! how do you feel?"
"Feel of me and see."
"Good-morning, Mr. Smith."
"It's not a good morning—it's wet and nasty."
And the parties separated.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Saturday, April* 2, 1859.

The operations of the week have been large in Cotton, and in imports of Dry Goods and general merchandize; otherwise, business has not been unusually active. Money is working in favor of the borrower: some choice six months' paper has been done as low as 5½; first-class acceptances under ninety days go as low as 4½ @ 5. On call the brokers are amply supplied at 4, though the rate at bank continues to be 5. Exchange is not as firm as it was. The market was oversupplied with cotton bills, and bankers relaxed their rates from ¼ @ ½ per cent. for sterling. Francs were active yesterday at full rates, 5.11½ @ 5.13¾ to the dollar.

Railroad Stocks are lower. The bears control the market, and have hammered prices down without regard to the recovery in values. The public continue to take Government and State Stocks, and the prices of these continue to improve.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Saturday, April* 2, 1859.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been inactive for Breadstuffs. An erroneous statement of the stock on hand, published on Thursday morning, checked business. An effort has been made to ascertain the amount really here, and we have been furnished with a copy of the names of the holders and the total quantity on hand. The list embraces seventy-five firms, whose stock, as reported by each firm, amounts in the aggregate to 465,774 barrels, including all the State, Western, Southern, and Canadian Wheat Flour in first hands, and in the hands of speculators, as well as of the principal jobbers, and that Flour upon which advances have been made. Prices of Breadstuffs have favored buyers ....The demand has been brisk for Cotton, but this staple now attracts less attention, and prices are heavy.... Provisions have been in fair request. Pork and Lard have been freely offered, and have declined. Beef has not varied much. Butter and Cheese continue depressed ....The movements in Groceries have been less extensive. Quotations, however, are essentially unchanged ....Hay, Hemp, Hops, and Seeds have been in limited demand. Clover-seed is lower....Tobacco, Rosin, Hides, and Leather have attracted considerable attention.... Fish, Fruit, Metals, Oils, Spices, and Tallow have been lightly dealt in....The Dry Goods Trade exhibits no important changes. The demand is somewhat brisker, but is not considered active. Stocks continue moderate for the season especially of really desirable fabrics. The assortment, however, is good. Prices exhibit no very remarkable alterations. The auctioneers have been quite busy. The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods has been $594,274 against $1,360,641 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $31,654,779 against $13,943,141 same time last year. The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.	$4 20	@	$5 15
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	5 25	@	6 75
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	5 30	@	5 90
Extra Western, per barrel	6 25	@	8 75
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	6 75	@	8 00
Extra Canadian, per barrel	6 50	@	7 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	6 15	@	9 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 70	@	4 50
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 85	@	4 35
White Wheat, per bushel	1 45	@	1 80
Red Wheat, per bushel	95	@	1 52½
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	89	@	90
New Corn, per bushel	88	@	90
Rye, per bushel	88	@	91
Barley, per bushel	65	@	82½
Western Oats, per bushel	60	@	62
State Oats, per bushel	56	@	58
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	51	@	55
Southern Oats, per bushel	49	@	54
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12½	@	12¾
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 10	@	17 65
Prime Pork, per barrel	—	@	12 75
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	8 25	@	9 50
Cut Meats, per pound	6½	@	9½
Lard, per pound	11	@	11½
State Butter, per pound	12	@	25
Western Butter, per pound	9	@	15
Cheese, per pound	7	@	10
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 50	@	4 75
Rio Coffee, per pound	10½	@	12½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	23	@	32
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6	@	8
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	38	@	40
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound	30	@	65
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	—	@	27
Hops, new, per pound	10	@	18
Hops, per pound, 1857	2½	@	5
Hay, per 100 pounds	55	@	70
Tallow, per pound	10½	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 93	@	4 00
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	53	@	54
Tar, per barrel	2 25	@	2 62½
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 60	@	1 65
Linseed Oil, per gallon	63	@	65
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	5½	@	13
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	42½	@	65
" Pulled Wool	34	@	55
Am. Yellow Beeswax, per pound	39	@	41
Refined Ingot Copper, per pound	23¾	@	24
Live Geese Feathers, per pound	43	@	51
Dry Codfish, per hundred weight	3 50	@	4 00
Large No. 1 Mackerel, per barrel	15 50	@	16 00
Pickled Herring, per barrel	3 00	@	4 25
Smoked Herring, per box	15	@	30
Am. Hemp, undressed, per ton	150 00	@	162 50
Am. Hemp, dressed, per ton	195 00	@	225 00
Clover Seed, per pound	8½	@	9½
Timothy Seed, per bushel	2 25	@	2 75

Stocks of several Articles in New York about April 1.

	1858.	1859.
Coffee, packages	35,383	80,134
Cotton, bales	43,991	87,675
Dyewoods, tons	3,164	2,919
Wheat Flour, barrels	—	465,774
Hides, number	239,790	20,000
Leather, Sole, sides	210,000	55,000
Molasses, hogsheads	3,090	10,124
Molasses, tierces and barrels	2,511	4,298
Pork, barrels	28,442	82,772
Beef, tierces and barrels	23,194	56,622
Rice, tierces	10,414	9,665
Sugars, hogsheads	17,504	31,509
Sugars, bags	15,000	1,000
Sugars, boxes	3,901	11,478
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads	3,767	8,212
Tobacco, Crude, bales	430	11,461

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were less freely supplied with Beeves, which advanced.... Milch Cows were plenty and quiet....Veal Calves, Sheep and Lambs, and Swine have been in fair request....The receipts at the City Markets during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *March* 23.	Week ending *March* 30.
Beeves	3,153	2,525
Milch Cows	176	237
Veal Calves	818	854
Sheep and Lambs	8,029	4,810
Swine	3,925	5,134

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to Premium Beeves, per pound	$ 8	@	$ 13
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	20 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	8
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@	9 00
" " per pound	7	@	10
Live Swine, per pound	5½	@	6½
Dressed " "	7½	@	8½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have been somewhat brisker. Eggs continue to decline under the pressure of very heavy arrivals.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, new, per barrel	$3 00	@	$ 5 50
Dried Apples, per pound	8	@	9½
Dried Peaches, peeled, per pound	14	@	18
Dried Plums, per pound	22	@	25
Potatoes, per barrel	1 00	@	2 00
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	3 00	@	4 25
Onions, per barrel	2 75	@	5 00
Turnips, per barrel	62½	@	75
Parsnips, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Beets, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Carrots, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Cabbage, per 100	3 00	@	7 00
Cranberries, per barrel	5 00	@	17 00
Celery, table, per dozen bunches	75	@	1 00
Celery, Soup, per dozen bunches	15	@	20
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 50	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 25	@	1 75
Green Peas, per bushel	2 00	@	3 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	12½	@	13½
Chickens, per pound	11	@	14
Fowls, per pound	11	@	13
Geese, per pound	8	@	12
Turkeys, per pound	13	@	16
Ducks, per pound	15	@	18
" black, per pair	50	@	62½
" widgeon, per pair	50	@	62½
" canvas back, per pair	1 25	@	2 00
" gray, per pair	50	@	62½
" redheads, per pair	62	@	87
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